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MISCELLANEOUS

PIECES

OF

Antient ENGLISH POESIE.

VIZ.

The Troubleſome Raigne of King JOHN,

Written by SHAKESPEARE,

Extant in no Edition of his Writings.

The Metamorphoſis of PIGMALION's Image, and certain Satyres.

By JOHN MARSTON.

The SCOURGE of VILLANIE. By the ſame.

All printed before the YEAR 1600.

S. J. Pratt

LONDON:

Printed for ROBERT HORSEFIELD, at the Crown in Ludgate-Street.

M. DCC. LXIV.

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English
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PREFACE.

IT may not be amiſs to premiſe a few words reſpecting the ſeveral poems now offered to the publick: that deference is due to them who are to judge of the merit or taſte of the fare that is ſet before them. Without farther preamble let us come to the firſt piece, the firſt work probably of the great man whoſe name it bears, and whoſe genuine performance it moſt unqueſtionably is. 'Tis ſomewhat remarkable that the ſeveral editors of *Shakeſpeare* ſhould have ſo to-

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tally unnoticed this work, as not to have told their readers that it contains nothing to be met with in any of their ſeveral editions. *Theobald* and *Warburton* have given us the title in their ſeveral liſts of his Writings, but make no mention of this particular.---It has been the ſubject of much ſpeculation, which was the firſt production of this great and ſingular genius, but hitherto nothing ſeems aſcertained on this Head. However, thus far is indiſputable, that this is his earlieſt publication, and the only one of the year in which it was publiſhed. 'Tis more than probable ſome years elapſed before he publiſhed any thing elſe: the author of the Britiſh Theatre, Lond. 1752, is by no means to be relied on in his dates.---Sir *John Harington* in his

in his apology of poetry, of the year 1591, mentions the acting of a tragedy of King Richard III. at Cambridge, but does not even hint at the author; ſo that cannot be ſuppoſed to interfere with the precedence of this. We may obſerve that *Shakeſpeare* varied and curtailed his plan in the play, as it now ſtands in the ſeveral editions of his writings.---The preſent work will be found to contain many ſpeeches worthy of its author: and there is much ſingular humour in thoſe of the baſtard; particularly in the ballad-metre-dialogue betwixt him and the friar. But it is not the province of an editor to anticipate: a word or two however, concerning the Britiſh Perſius *John Marſton*, may not be unuſeful. Of him very little is

recorded with certainty. *Antony a Wood*, who is generally exact in his accounts of men, and much to be relied upon, is remarkably deficient with reſpect to him; indeed there ſeems to be little reaſon to think he was of Oxford: it is certain from his works that he was of Cambridge, where he was cotempary with Mr. *Hall*, with whom, as it appears from his ſatyre, called Reactio, and from the Scourge of Villanie, ſat. 10. he had ſome diſpute. To ſay any thing of the latter will be ſuperfluous, as every reader has an opportunity of peruſing that: the former it may not be amiſs to canvaſs. And here it muſt be obſerved that *Hall's* Satyres, though of late they have been much the ſubject of encomium, yet antiently they

they were not in very high eſteem, as will appear from the ridicule of *Marſton*, and from the very ſevere criticiſm which *Milton* has on them in his apology for *Smectymnuus*, Sect. vi. But let us hear *Marſton's* parodies of *Hall*.

Marſton, p. 151.
Come daunce ye ſtumbling Satyres by his ſide.
Hall, *defiance to envy*, Stanza xvii.
Come dance ye nimble Driads by my ſide.
Marſton, 155.
Speake ye attentive Swaines that heard him never.
Hall, ib. Stanza xviii.
Speake ye attentive Swaines that heard me late.

And indeed almoſt all the Italick lines, p. 155, are alluſions to the ſame piece: and particularly theſe ſubſequent ones refer to the firſt ſtanzas of the above; and to the epithet he gave himſelf to his ſatyres:

Envie,

Envie, let pines of Ida reſt alone,
For they will grow ſpight of the thunder ſtone,
Strive not to nibble in their ſwelling graine
With *toothleſs gums* of thy detracting braine.

It has not been generally known who was the author of Pigmalion and the five ſatyres: but that they belong to *Marſton* is clear from the ſixth and tenth ſatyres of the Scourge of Villanie: and to this may be added the evidence of the collector of England's Parnaſſus, printed 1600, who cites the five firſt lines of the dedication to opinion, prefixed to Pigmalion by the name of *I. Marſton*, p. 221. Why and whence he took the adopted Name of *Kinſayder*, it will be to little purpoſe to gueſs: that he was known by it to his cotemporaries, appears from a paſſage in the Return from Parnaſſus, Act i. ſc. ii.

Fitz-

Fitz-Geoffry has ſix verſes to him in his *Affaniæ*, l. 2, which as the book is not in every one's poſſeſſion, are here inſerted.

Ad IOHANNEM MARSTONIUM.

Gloria MARSTONI ſatyrarum proxima primæ,
Primaque, fas primas ſi numerare duas;
Sin primam duplicare nefas, tu gloria ſaltem
MARSTONI primæ proxima ſemper eris.
Nec te pæniteat ſtationis, IANE, ſecundus
Cum duo ſint tantum, eſt neuter, at ambo pares.

Theſe ſatyres, ſays Mr. *Warton* in his obſervations on *Spenſer*, contain many well drawn characters and ſeveral good ſtrokes of a ſatyrical genius, but are not upon the whole ſo finiſhed and claſſical as Biſhop *Hall's*: the truth is they were ſatyriſts of a different caſt: *Hall* turned his pen againſt his co-

tempo-

temporary writers, and particularly verſifiers, *Marſton* chiefly inveighed againſt the growing foibles and vices of the age. Nothing remains but to obſerve, that the preſent edition of the Scourge of Villanie is carefully printed from the ſecond, and that the tenth ſatyre was not in the firſt.

THE
FIRST AND SECOND PART
Of the troubleſome RAIGNE of
JOHN KING of ENGLAND,
With the DISCOVERY of
King RICHARD CORDELION's baſe Sonne
(Vulgarly named the Baſtard Fauconbridge:)
ALSO,
The Death of King JOHN at Swinſtead Abbey.

As they were (ſundry times) lately acted by the Queenes Majeſties Players.

Written by W. Sh.

Imprinted at London by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Helme*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint Dunſtons Churchyard in Fleeteſtreet.
1611.

Reprinted in the Year 1764.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING John.
Prince Henry his Son.
Arthur Duke of Brittaine.
Philip King of France.
Lewis the Dauphin.
Limoges Duke of Auſtria.
Earl of Pembroke,
——— Eſſex,
——— Saliſbury,
——— Cheſter,
——— Clare,
Lord Bewchampe,
} Engliſh Lords.
Hubert de Burgh.
Earl Bigot,
Viſcount Meloun,
} French Lords.
Chattilion the French Embaſſadour.
Robert Faucon bridge.
Phillip the Baſtard, otherwiſe Sir Philip Plantagenet.
Shrive of Northamtonſhire.
Pandulpho the Pope's Legate.
Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.
Abbot of Swinſtead, Two Monks, Two Friars of the ſame, Two Franciſcan Friars, Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, &c.

Elinor, Queen Mother of England.
Conſtance, Dutcheſs Dowager of Britaine, Mother of Arthur.
Blanch, Niece to King John, married to the Dauphin Lewis.
Lady Margaret Faucon bridge.
A Nunne.

Scene moſtly in England, ſometimes in France.

THE

Troubleſome RAIGNE

OF

KING IOHN.

Enter K. Iohn, *Queene* Elianor *his Mother*, William Marſhall, *Earle of* Pembrooke, *the Earles of* Eſſex, *and of* Saliſbury.

Queene Elianor.

BArons of *England*, and my noble Lords;
Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard*, ſcourge of Infidells,
And clad this Land in ſtole of diſmall hew:
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath ſprung a ſecond hope,
A King that may in rule and vertue both
Succeede his brother in his Emperie.

K. Iohn. My gratious mother Queene, and Barons all;
Though farre vnworthy of ſo high a place,

As is the Throne of mighty *Englands* King;
Yet *Iohn* your Lord, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heauy yoke
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.
My Lord of *Pembrooke* and Lord *Salisbury*,
Admit the Lord *Chattilion* to our presence;
That we may know what *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
(By his Ambassadors) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor. Dare lay my hand that *Elianor* can gesse
Whereto this weighty Embassade doth tend:
If of my nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then say, my Sonne, I haue not misde my aime.

Enter Chattilion *and the two Earles.*

K. Iohn. My Lord *Chattilion*, welcome into *England:*
How fares our Brother *Philip* King of *Fraunce?*

Chat. His Highnesse at my comming was in health,
And will'd me to salute your Maiestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

K. Iohn. And spare not man, wee are preparde to heare.

Chat. Philip, by the grace of God, most Christian King of *Fraunce*, hauing taken into his gardain and protection *Arthur* D. of *Britaine*, sonne and heire to *Ieffrey* thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of the saide *Arthur*, the kingdome of *England*, with the lordship of *Ireland, Poiters, Aniow, Toraine, Maine:* and I attend thine answer.

K. Iohn. A small request: beliko hee makes account,
That *England, Ireland, Poiters, Aniow, Toraine, Maine,*
Are nothing for a King to give at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.

Tell

Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his Lords at home,
With greater honour than to ſend them thus
On Embaſſades that not concerne himſelfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but ſmall returne.

Chat. Is this thine anſwer?

K. Iohn. It is, and too good an anſwer for ſo prowd a meſſage.

Chat. Then King of *England*, in my Maſters name,
And in Prince *Arthur* Duke of *Britaines* name,
I do defie thee as an enemie,
And wiſh thee to prepare for bloody warres.

Q. Elianor. My Lord (that ſtands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew, tell the boy,
That I Queen *Elianor* (his grandmother)
Vpon my bleſſing charge him leaue his Armes,
Whereto his head-ſtrong mother prickes him ſo:
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
That will not ſticke to bring him to his end,
So ſhe may bring her ſelfe to rule a realme.
Next, wiſh him to forſake the King of *Fraunce*,
And come to me and to his vncle here,
And he ſhall want for nothing at our hands.

Chat. This ſhall I do, and thus I take my leaue.

K. Iohn. Pembrooke, conuey him ſafely to the ſea,
But not in haſte: for as we are aduiſde,
We meane to be in *Fraunce* as ſoone as he,
To fortifie ſuch townes as we poſſeſſe
In *Aniow*, *Torraine*, and in *Normandie*. [*Exit* Chatt.

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of Salisbury *in the eare.*

Salſ. Pleaſe it your maieſty, here is the Shriue of Northamptonſhire, with certaine perſons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your Maieſtie, beſeeching your Highneſſe for ſpeciall cauſe to heare them.

K. Iohn. Will them come neere, and whilewee heare the Goe *Saliſbury* and make prouiſion,
We meane with ſpeed to paſſe the Sea to *Fraunce*.
Say Shriue, what are theſe men, what haue they done?
Or whereto tends the courſe of this appeale?

Shriue. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, theſe two brethren vnnaturally falling at odds about their fathers liuing, haue broken your highneſſe peace, in ſeeking to right their owne wrongs without courſe of Lawe, or order of Iuſtice; and unlawfully aſſembled themſelves in mutinous maner, having committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your Highnes; and here I *Thomas Nidigate* Shriue of Northamptonſhire do deliuer them ouer to their triall.

K. Iohn. My Lord of *Eſſex*, will thoffenders to ſtand forth, and tell the cauſe of their quarrell.

Eſſex. Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleaſure that you diſcouer your griefs, and doubt not but you ſhal haue iuſtice.

Phil. Pleaſe it your Maieſty the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'vnrip the ſhamefull ſlander of my parents, the diſhonor

of

of my self, and the bad dealing of my brother in this princely assemblie.

Robert. Then, by my Prince his leaue, shall *Robert*
And tell your Maiestie what right I haue (speake,
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not vnknowne vnto your Grace)
Receiu'd his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,
At kingly *Richards* hands in *Palestine*,
Whenas the walls of *Acon* gaue him way:
His name sir *Robert Faucenbridge* of *Mountbory*,
What by succession from his Ancestors,
And warlike seruice vnder *Englands* Armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare:
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Faucenbridge*.

Philip. If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auntient Lawe,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Faucenbridge*?

K. Iohn. Fond youth, to trouble these our princely eares,
Or make a question in so plaine a case:
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?

Robert. Please it your Grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the land.

K. Iohn. A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine this darke *Enigma*.

Robert. I grant (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no *Faucenbridge*.

Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him ſo,
And here my mother ſtands to proue him ſo:
But I (my Lord) can proue, and doe auerre
Both to my mothers ſhame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gratious Lord) let *Fauconbridge* enjoy
The liuing that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.
And let not him poſſeſſe anothers right.

K. Iohn. Proue this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.

Q. Elian. Vngratious youth, to rip thy mothers ſhame,
The wombe from whence thou didſt thy being take,
All honeſt eares abhorre thy wickedneſſe,
But Gold I ſee doth beate downe Natures lawe.

Mother. My gratious Lord, and you thrice reuerend Dame,
That ſee the teares diſtilling from mine eies,
And ſcalding ſighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me intreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not theſe eares heere receiue the hiſſing ſound
Of ſuch a viper, who with poyſoned words
Doth maſſerate the bowels of my ſoule.

K. Iohn. Lady, ſtand up, be patient for awhile:
And fellow, ſay, whoſe baſtard is thy brother?

Philip. Not for my ſelfe, nor for my mother now;
But for the honour of ſo braue a man,
Whom hee accuſeth with adulterie:
Heere I beſeech your Grace vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and ſo diſmiſſe vs hence.

Robert. Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduiſed, I
Charge thee before this royall preſence here
To be a baſtard to King *Richards* ſelfe.

Sonne

Sonne to your Grace, and brother to your Maieſtie.
Thus bluntly, and———

Q. Elian. Yong man, thou needſt not be aſhamed of thy
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy proofe. (kin,

Robert. The proofe ſo plain, the argument ſo ſtrong,
As that your Highneſſe and theſe noble Lords,
And all (ſaue thoſe that haue no eies to ſee)
Shall ſweare him to be baſtard to the King.
Firſt, when my Father was Embaſſador
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my fathers houſe;
And all the realme ſuſpected what befell:
And at my fathers back-returne agen
My mother was deliuered, as tis ſed,
Sixe weeks before the account my father made.
But more than this: looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this princely preſence ſhall confeſſe,
He is no other but King *Richards* ſonne.
Then gratious Lord, reſt he King *Richards* ſonne,
And let me reſt ſafe in my Fathers right,
That am his rightfull ſonne and only heire.

K. Iohn. Is this thy proofe, and all thou haſt to ſay?

Robert. I haue no more, nor neede I greater proofe.

K. Iohn. Firſt, where thou ſaidſt in abſence of thy Sire
My brother often lodged in his houſe:
And what of that? baſe groome to ſlaunder him,
That honoured his Embaſſador ſo much,
In abſence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceede vnto the next.

Q. Elian. Thou ſaiſt ſhe teemde ſixe weekes before her
Why good ſir Squire, are you ſo cunning growen, (time

To

To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes:
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman coure before her time.

K. Iohn. And where thou saist, he lookes like the King,
In action, feature and proportion:
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer saw so liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert. Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
And let me have my liuing and my right.

Q. Elianor. Nay, heare you sir, you runne away too fast:
Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem?*
Or haue read in. Hark yee, good sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise,
Shee lay with sir *Robert* your father, and thought vpon
King *Richard* my sonne, and so your brother was formed
in this fashion.

Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,
I craue my right; King *Iohn*, as thou art King,
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.

K. Iohn. Why, (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime:
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Irreuocable, as I am King of *England*.
For thou know'st not, weele aske of them that know,
His mother and himselfe shall end this strife:
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.

Robert. My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Vnto themselues. Can there be likelihood

That

That ſhee will looſe?
Or he will giue the liuing from himſelfe?
It may not be, my Lord. Why ſhould it be?

K. Iohn. Lords, keep him back, and let him heare the doom. *Eſſex*, firſt aſk the mother thrice, who was his Sire?

Eſſex. Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip*?

Mother. Pleaſe it your Maieſty, Sir *Rob. Fauconbridge.*

Rob. This is right, aſke my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

K. Iohn. Aſke *Philip* whoſe ſonne he is.

Eſſex. Philip, who was thy father?

Philip. Mas my Lord, and that's a queſtion: and you had not taken ſome paines with her before, I ſhould have deſired you to aſke my mother.

K. Iohn. Say, who was thy Father?

Philip. Faith (my Lord) to anſwere you, ſure hee is my father that was neereſt my mother when I was begotten, and him I think to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge.*

K. Iohn. Eſſex, for faſhions ſake demand agen,
And ſo an end to this contention.

Robert. Was ever man thus wronged as *Robert* is?

Eſſex. Philip ſpeake I ſay, who was thy father?

K. Iohn. Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?

Q. Eliaonr. Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.

Philip. Philippus atauis edite Regibus.
What ſaiſt thou *Philip*, ſprung of auncient Kings?

——*Quo me rapit tempeſtas?*

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?
Or whence proceede theſe fumes of Maieſtie?
Methinkes I hear a hollow Ecchoe ſound,
That *Philip* is the ſonne vnto a King:
The whiſtling leaues vpon the trembling trees,

Whiſtle

Whiſtle in conſort I am *Richards* ſonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall
Records *Philippus Regius filius:*
Birds in their flight make muſicke with their wings,
Filling the aire with glorie of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Ecchoe, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* ſonne.
Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts ywrapt in Honors heauen?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camſt.
Thy Fathers land cannot maintain theſe thoughts;
Theſe thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge:*
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth ſoare too high to ſtoupe to *Fauconbridge.*
Why how now? knoweſt thou where thou art?
And knoweſt thou who expects thine anſwer here?
Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine
Goe looſe thy land, and ſay thy ſelfe baſe borne?
No, keep thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,
What ere thou thinkſt, ſay thou art *Fauconbridge.*

K. John. Speake man, be ſodaine, who thy Father was.

Philip. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, Sir *Robert.*
Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy lawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life
Say I am ſonne vnto a *Fauconbridge.*
Let land and liuing goe, tis Honors fire
That makes me ſweare King *Richard* was my Sire:
Baſe to a King addes title of more State,
Than Knights begotten, though legitimate.
Pleaſe it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.

Robert.

Robert. Robert reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

Mo. What head-strong furie doth enchant my sonne?

Philip, Philip cannot repeat, for he hath done.

K. Iohn. Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfullnesse, thy liuing and thy land.
Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.

Q. Elian. Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine own?

Philip. Madame, I am bold to make myselfe your
The poorest kinsman that your Highnesse hath: (nephew,
And with this Prouerb gin the world anew,
Help hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire;
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe worthy so great a Sire.

Q. Elian. Phil. I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde;
But cheere thee Boy, I will not see thee want
As long as *Elianor* hath foote of land:
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine vncle heere,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble mind.

K. Iohn. Philip kneele down, that thou maist throughly
How much thy resolution pleaseth vs, (know
Rise up Sir *Richard Plantaginet* King *Richards* Sonne.

Philip. Grant heauens that *Philip* once may shew himselfe
Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or baseſt glorie of a Bastards name.

K. Iohn. Now, Gentlemen, we will away to *Fraunce*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.

The Pope and Popelings ſhall not greaſe themſelues
With gold and groates, that are the ſouldiers due.
Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightily to *Fraunce*. [*Exeunt*.

Manent Philip *and his Mother*.

Philip. Madame, I beſeech you deigne me ſo much leaſure as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you.

Mother. What's the matter *Philip*? I think your ſuit in ſecret, tends to ſome money matter, which you ſuppoſe burns in the bottom of my cheſt.

Philip. No Madame, it is no ſuch ſuit as to beg or borrow But ſuch a ſuit, as might ſome other grant, I would not now have troubled you withall.

Mother. A Gods name let vs heare it.

Philip. Then Madame thus, your Ladiſhip ſees well,
How that my ſcandal growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
I am a baſtard, and no *Fauconbridge*.
This groſſe attaint ſo tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine eaſe,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What ſo I do, or whereſoere I am,
I cannot chaſe the ſlaunder from my thoughts.
If it be true, reſolue me of my ſire,
For pardon, Madame, if I think amiſſe.
Be *Philip Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*,
His father doubtleſſe was as braue a man.
To you on knees, as ſometime *Phaeton*,
Miſtruſting fielly *Merop* for his fire,

Straining

Straining a little baſhfull modeſtie,
I beg ſome inſtance whence I am extraught.
Mother. Yet more adoe to haſte me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a mothers croſſe?
Muſt I accuſe my ſelfe to cloſe with you?
Slaunder my ſelfe, to quiet your affects?
Thou mouſt me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.
Philip. Nay, Lady mother, heare me further yet,
For ſtrong conceit drives duty hence awhile:
Your huſband, *Fauconbridge*, was father to that ſonne,
That carries markes of nature like the fire,
The ſonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right as lineal in deſcent
From him whoſe forme was figured in his face.
Can Nature ſo diſſemble in her frame,
To make the one ſo like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true deſcent?
My brothers mind is baſe, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoiſe not mine:
His conſtitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the ſeat of ſteele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will ſcarcely iudge us both one countrey borne.
This, Madame, this, hath droue me from my ſelfe:
And here by heauens eternal lampes I ſweare,
As curſed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you reſolue me not.

Moth. Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And vrge no further what thou deeſt require.
Phil. Let ſonnes intreatie ſway the mother now,
Or elſe ſhe dies: Ile not infringe my vow.
Moth. Vnhappy talke: muſt I recount my ſhame,
Blab my miſdeeds, or by concealing die?
Some power ſtrike me ſpeechleſs for a time,
Or take from him awhile his hearings uſe.
Why wiſh I ſo, vnhappy as I am?
The fault is mine, and he the faultie fruit,
I bluſh, I faint, oh would I might be mute.
Phil. Mother be briefe, I long to know my name.
Moth. And longing die, to ſhroud thy mothers ſhame.
Phil. Come Madame, come, you need not be ſo loath,
The ſhame is ſhared equall twixt vs both,
Iſt not a ſlackeneſſe in me, worthy blame,
To be ſo old, and cannot write my name?
Good mother reſolue me.
Moth. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and my griefe,
My honours loſſe by purchaſe of thy ſelfe,
My ſhame, thy name, and huſbands ſecret wrong,
All maimd and ſtaind by youths vnruly ſway.
And when thou know'ſt from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knew'ſt what ſuites, what threats, what feares,
To mone by loue, or maſſacre by death,
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt
The mightineſſe of him that courted me,
Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
That ſomething may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me ſo much;
Vpbraid me rather with the Romane dame
That ſhed her blood to waſh away her ſhame.

Why

Why ſtand I to expoſtulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* father was a princes ſonne:
Rich *Englands* rule, worlds onely terror he,
For honors loſſe left me with child of thee:
Whoſe ſonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For fair King *Richard* was thy noble father.

Phil. Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wiſh thee ioy,
My ſire a King, and I a landleſſe boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's ſomething owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marry ſir, let me alone for game,
Ile act ſome wonders now I know my name.
By bleſſed *Mary* Ile not ſell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beſide.
Sit faſt the proudeſt of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *the* French *King*, and Lewis, Limoges, Conſtance, *and her ſonne* Arthur.

K. Phil. Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur*, in the Albion territories,
Skaring proud *Angiers* with a puiſſant ſiege:
Braue *Auſtria*, cauſe of *Cordelions* death,
Is alſo come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our Forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for cauſes of great conſequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice ſhould not *Titan* hide him in the Weſt,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an vnreſiſted ſhocke

Controld the mannage of prowd *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forfet of my fame to chaunce.

Conſt. May be that *Iohn* in conſcience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will ſend ſuch calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As ſhall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If ſo, forbearance is a deed well done.

Arth. Ah mother, poſſeſſion of a Crowne is much,
And *Iohn* as I have heard reported of,
For preſent vantage will aduenture farre.
The world can witneſſe, in his Brothers time,
He took upon him rule, and almoſt raigne:
Then muſt it follow as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l reſigne the rule vnto his Nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world,
Sounds in his eares, as threats of no eſteeme,
And ſooner would he ſcorne *Europa's* power,
Then looſe the ſmalleſt title he enjoyes;
For queſtionleſs he is an Engliſhman.

Lewis. Why are the Engliſh peereleſſe in compare?
Braue Caualiers as ere that Iſland bred,
Haue liu'd and di'd, and dar'd, and done enough,
Yet neuer grac'd their countrey for the cauſe:
England is *England*, yeelding good and bad,
And *Iohn* of *England* is as other *Iohns*.
Truſt me young *Arthur*, if thou like my reed,
Praiſe thou the *French* that help thee in this need.

Limog. The *Engliſhman* hath little cauſe I trowe,
To ſpend good ſpeaches on ſo proud a foe,
Why *Arthur* here's his ſpoyle that now is gone,
Who when he liu'd outrou'd his brother *Iohn*:

But

But haſtie curres that lie ſo long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their ouer-match.
But newes comes now, here's the Embaſſador.

Enter Chattillion.

K. Phil. And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattil-*
What newes? will *Iohn* accord to our command? *lion:*

Chat. Be I not briefe to tell your highneſſe all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one ſelfe bottome brought vs both to *Fraunce*,
He on his part will trie the chance of warre,
And if his words inferre aſſured truth,
Will looſe himſelfe, and all his followers,
Ere yeeld unto the leaſt of your demands.
The mother Queene ſhe taketh on amaine
Gainſt Lady *Conſtance*, counting her the cauſe
That doth Effect this claime to *Albion*,
Coniuring *Arthur* with a grandames care,
To leaue his mother; willing him ſubmit
His ſtate to *Iohn*, and her protection,
Who (as ſhe ſaith) are ſtudious for his good.
More circumſtance the ſeaſon intercepts;
This is the ſumme, which briefly I have ſhowne.

K. Phil. This bitter wind muſt nip ſome-bodies ſpring:
Sodaine and briefe, why ſo, tis harneſt weather.
But ſay, *Chattilion*, what perſons of account are with him?

Chat. Of *England*, Earle *Pembroke* and *Saliſburie*,
The onely noted men of any name.
Next them, a baſtard of the Kings deceaſt,
A hardie wild-head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high reſolue.

Then is there with them *Elianor* Mother Queene,
And *Blanch* her Neece, daughter to the King of Spaine:
Theſe are the prime birds of this hot aduenture.

Enter King Iohn *and his followers, Queene* Elianor, Philip *the Baſtard, Earles,* &c.

K. Phil. Me ſeemeth *Iohn*, an ouer-daring ſpirit
Effects ſome frenſie in thy raſh approach,
Treading my Confines with thy armed troupes.
I rather lookt for ſome ſubmiſſe reply
Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes
To that which thou vnjuſtly doſt vſurpe.

K. Iohn. For that *Chattilion* can diſcharge you all,
I liſt not pleade my title with my tongue.
Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
To *Fraunce* or thee, or any right of thine;
But in defence and purchaſe of my right,
The towne of *Angiers*: which thou doſt begirt
In the behalfe of Lady *Conſtance* ſonne,
Whereto nor he nor ſhe can lay iuſt claime.

Conſt. Yes (falſe intruder) if that iuſt be iuſt,
And head-ſtrong vſurpation put apart,
Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder brother,
Without ambiguous ſhadow of diſcent,
Is Soueraigne to the ſubſtance thou witholdſt.

Q. Elian. Miſgouernd goſſip, ſtaine to this reſort,
Occaſion of theſe vndecided iarres,
I ſay (that know) to checke thy vaine ſuppoſe,
Thy ſonne hath nought to do with that he claimes.
For proofe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he vrgeth by diſcent.

Conſt.

Conſt. A Will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
Wherein the diuell is an ouerſeer,
And prowd dame *Elianor* ſole Executreſſe:
More wills than ſo, on perill of my ſoule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arth. But ſay there was, as ſure there can be none,
The Law intends ſuch teſtaments as void,
Where right diſcent can no way be impeacht.

Q. Elian. Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee wings
To ſoare with perill after *Icarus*,
And truſt me yongling for the Fathers ſake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth.

Conſt. Beſhrew you elſe how pittifull you are,
Ready to weepe to hear him aſke his owne;
Sorrow betide ſuch Grandames and ſuch griefe,
That miniſter a Poyſon for pure loue,
But who ſo blind, as cannot ſee this beame,
That you forſooth would keepe your couſin downe,
For feare his mother ſhould be vs'd too well?
I there's the griefe, confuſion catch the braine,
That hammers ſhifts to ſtop a Princes raigne.

Q. Elian. Impatient, franticke, common ſlaunderer,
Immodeſt dame, vnnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy ſonne,
But iuſtice makes me ſpeake as I haue done.

K. Phil. But here's no proofe that ſhews your ſon a king.

K. Io. What wants, my ſword ſhal more at large ſet down

Lew. But that may break before the truth be known.

Phil. Then this may hold till all his right be ſhowne.

Lim. Good words ſir ſauce, your betters are in place.

Phil. Not you ſir doughtie, with your Lyons caſe.

Blanch

Blanch. Ah ioy betide his ſoul, to whom that ſpoyle
Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd. (belong'd:
Lim. Me thinks that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
Should be a preſident t'affright you all.
Phil. What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers ſpoyle,
A thouſand furies kindle with reuenge
This heart that choller keepes a conſiſtorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth *Alecto* whiſper in mine eares,
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine ſtraight,
Diſrobe him of the matcheleſſe monument
Thy fathers triumph ore the Sauages?
Baſe heardgroom, coward, peaſant, worſe than a threſhing (ſlaue
What mak'ſt thou with the Trophie of a King? (ſlaue
Sham'ſt thou not coyſtrell, loathſome dunghill ſwad,
To grace thy carkaſſe with an ornament
Too pretious for a Monarkes couerture?
Scarce can I temper due obedience
Vnto the preſence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunk of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
For by his ſoule I ſweare, my fathers ſoule,
Twiſe will I not reuiew the mornings riſe,
Till I haue torne that trophie from thy backe,
And ſplit thy heart for wearing it ſo long.
Philip hath ſworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* ſonne.
Lim. Nay ſoft ſir baſtard, hearts are not ſplit ſo ſoone,
Let them reioyce that at the end doe win:
And take this leſſon at thy foe-mans hand,
Pawne not thy life to get thy Fathers ſkin.

Blanch.

Blanch. Wel may the world ſpeake of his knightly valor,
That wins this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.

Phil. Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with me,
If ſhortly I preſent it not to thee.

K. Phil. Lordings forbeare, for time is comming faſt,
That deeds may trie what words can not determine,
And to the purpoſe for the cauſe you come.
Me ſeemes you ſet right in chaunce of warre,
Yeelding no other reaſons for your claime,
But ſo and ſo, becauſe it ſhall be ſo.
So wrong ſhall be ſubornd by truſt of ſtrength:
A tyrants practiſe to inueſt himſelfe,
Where weake reſiſtance giueth wrong the way.
To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* ſonne,
Am come before this city of *Angiers*,
To barre all other falſe ſuppoſed claime,
From whence, or howſoere the error ſprings.
And in his quarrel on my princely word,
Ile fight it out unto the lateſt man.

K. Iohn. Know King of *Fraunce*, I will not be com-
By any power or prince in Chriſtendome, (manded
To yeelde an inſtance how I hold mine owne,
More than to anſwere, that mine owne is mine,
But wilt thou ſee me parley with the towne,
And heare them offer me allegeance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought?

K. Phil. Summon them, I will not beleeue it till I ſee it.
and when I ſee it, Ile ſoone change it.

They ſummon the Towne, the Citizens appeare upon the walls.

K. Iohn. You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loiall ſubiects, I haue ſummoned you to the walls: to diſpute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perſwaded you are not. In few words, our brothers ſonne, backt with the king of *Fraunce*, haue beleagred your towne vpon a falſe pretended title to the ſame: in defence whereof I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you from the Viſurper, to free your intended ſeruitude, and utterly to ſupplant the foemen, to my right and your reſt. Say then, who keep you the town for?

Citiz. For our lawfull King.

K. Iohn. I was no leſs perſwaded: then in Gods name open your gates, and let me enter.

Citiz. And it pleaſe your Highnes we comptroll not your title, neither will we raſhly admit your entrance: if you be lawfull King, with all obedience we keep it to your uſe, if not King, our raſhnes to be impeached for yielding, without more conſiderate triall; wee anſwer not as men lawleſſe, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

K. Iohn. I ſhall not come in then?

Citiz. No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Phil. Then heare me ſpeak in the behalfe of *Arthur* ſonne of *Geffrey*, elder brother to *Iohn*, his title manifeſt, without contradiction, to the crowne and kingdom of *England*, with *Angiers*, and diuers townes on this ſide the ſea: wil you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who ſpeaketh in my word, to entertain you with all fauours, as beſeemeth a King to his ſubiects, or a friend

to

to his wellwillers: or ſtand to the peril of your contempt, when his title is proued by the ſword.

Citiz. We anſwer as before, till you haue proued one right, we acknowledge none right; he that tries himſelfe our Soueraigne, to him wil we remaine firme ſubiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as deſirous to know the truth, as loth to ſubſcribe before we know: more than this we cannot ſay, and more than this we dare not do.

K. Phil. Then *Iohn* I defy thee, in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy king and couſin, whoſe right and patrimony thou detaineſt, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a ſet battle make thee confeſſe; whereunto, with a zeal to right, I challenge thee.

K. Iohn. I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy threat.

Excurſions. The Baſtard chaſeth Limoges *the Auſtrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons ſkin.*

Phil. And art thou gone misfortune haunt thy ſteps,
And chill cold feare aſſaile thy times of reſt.
Morpheus leaue here thy ſilent Eban caue,
Beſiege his thoughts with diſmal fantaſies,
And ghaſtly obiects of pale threatning *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with ſtearne lookes,
Let ſhadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madneſſe let him feare purſuit,
And ſo in frenſie let the peaſant die.
Here is the ranſome that allaies his rage,
The firſt freehold that *Richard* left his ſonne:

With

With which I ſhall ſurprize his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* ſtatue did the fainting *Greekes*. [*Exit.*

Enter the Kings Herolds with Trumpets to the wals of Angiers: they ſummon the Towne.

Eng. Her. Iohn by the grace of God King of England, Lord of Ireland, Aniou, Toraine, &c. demandeth once again of you his ſubiects of Angiers, if you wil quietly ſurrender up the towne into his hands?

Fr. Her. Philip by the grace of God King of *Fraunce*, demaundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*, if you will ſurrender vp the towne into his hands, to the vſe of the ſaid *Arthur*.

Citizens. Herolds go tell the two victorious Princes, that we the poor Inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parley of their Maieſties.

Herolds. We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene Elianor, Blanch, Philip *the Baſtard*, Limoges, Lewis, Chattilion, Pembroke, Saliſbury, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

K. Iohn. Herold, what anſwer do the Townſmen ſend?

Philip. Will *Angiers* yeeld to *Philip* King of *Fraunce?*

Eng. Her. The townſmen on the wals accept your Grace.

Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your Maieſty.

K. Iohn. You citizens of *Angiers*, haue your eyes
Beheld the ſlaughter that our *Engliſh* bowes
Haue made vpon the coward fraudfull *French?*
And haue you wiſely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the *Engliſh* King?

Lewis

K. Phil. Their loſſe in yeelding to the *Engliſh* King.
But *Iohn*, they ſaw from out their higheſt towers
The Cheualiers of *Fraunce* and croſſe-bow-ſhot
Make lanes of ſlaughtered bodies through thine hoaſt,
And are reſolu'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right. (wals,
K. Iohn. Why *Philip*, though thou brauſt it fore the
Thy conſcience knowes that *Iohn* hath wonne the field.
K. Phil. What ere my conſcience knowes, thy army
That *Philip* had the better of the day. [feeles
Phil. Philip indeed had got the Lions caſe,
Which here he holds to *Limoges* diſgrace.
Baſe Duke to flie and leaue ſuch ſpoiles behind:
But this thou knewſt of force to make me ſtay.
It farde with thee as with the mariner,
Spying the hugie Whale, whoſe monſtrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the wind,
That throws out emptie ueſſels, ſo to ſtay
His fury, while the ſhip doth ſayle away.
Philip 'tis thine: and fore this princely preſence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the firſt aduenture I atchieu'd,
And firſt exploite your Grace did me enioyne:
Yet many more I long to be enioyn'd.
Blanch. Philip I take it, and I thee command
To weare the fame as earſt thy father did:
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.
Arth. Yé Citizens of *Angiers* are ye mute?
Arthur or *Iohn*, ſay which ſhall be your King?
Citizen. We care not which, if once we knew the right:
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.
Phil. Might *Philip* counſell two ſo mightie Kings,

As are the Kings of *England* and of *Fraunce*,
He would aduise your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces gainſt theſe citizens,
Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
The towne once wonne, then ſtriue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Citiz. Kings, Princes, Lords and Knights aſſembled here,
The Citizens of *Angiers* all by me
Entreate your Maieſtie to heare them ſpeake:
And as you like the motion they ſhall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.

K. Iohn. K. Phil. Speake on, we giue thee leaue.

Citiz. Then thus: whereas the young and luſty knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly ſtrengths:
The motion cannot chuſe but pleaſe the good,
And ſuch as loue the quiet of the State.
But how my Lords, how ſhold your ſtrengths be knit?
Not to oppreſſe your ſubiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But vnto peace your forces ſhould be knit
To liue in Princely league and amitie:
Doe this, the gates of *Angiers* ſhall giue way,
And ſtand wide open to your hearts content.
To make this peace a laſting bond of loue,
Remains one onely honourable meanes,
Which by your pardon I ſhall here diſplay.
Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of *Fraunce*,
A man of noted valour through the world,
Is yet vnmarried: let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the King of *Spaine*,
Neece to K. *Iohn*, the louely Lady *Blanch*,
Begotten on his ſiſter *Elianor*.

With her in marriage will her vnkle giue
Caſtles and towers, as fitteth ſuch a match.
The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They may ſo deale with *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*.
Who is but young, and yet vnmeet to raigne,
As he ſhall ſtand contented euery way.
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.
And as vpon conditions you agree,
So ſhall we ſtand content to yeeld the towne.

Arth. A proper peace, if ſuch a motion hold;
Theſe Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they ſhall ſhare my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elian. Sonne *Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou loueſt thy mother.
Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewis ſhall haue my neece, and then be ſure
Arthur ſhall haue ſmall ſuccour out of *Fraunce*.

K. Iohn. Brother of *Fraunce*, you heare the Citizens:
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

Conſt. Why *Iohn*, what canſt thou giue vnto thy neece,
That haſt no foote of land, but *Arthurs* right?

Lew. Birlady Citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely damſell is the lady *Blanch*,
Worthy the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.

Conſt. What Kings, why ſtand you gazing in a trance?
Why how now Lords? accurſed Citizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that ſprings from *Arthurs* loſſe.
Some diſmall Planet at thy birth-day raign'd,
For now I ſee the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Phil. Ladie, and Duke of *Britaine*, know you both,
The king of *Fraunce* reſpects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princeſſe of *Spaine*, could you affect my Sonne,
If we upon conditions could agree?

Phil. Swounds Madam, take an *Engliſh* Gentleman?
Slaue as I was, I thought to have mou'd the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promiſe once,
That ladie *Blanch* ſhould bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of ſtore of *Engliſh* land.

Q. Elian. Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We muſt with policie compound this ſtrife.

Phil. If *Lewis* get her, well, I ſay no more:
But let the frollicke *Frenchman* take no ſcorne,
If *Philip* front him with an *Engliſh* horne.

K. Iohn. Ladie, what anſwer make you to the King of *Fraunce*?
Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

Blanch. I thank the King that likes of me ſo well,
To make me Bride unto ſo great a Prince:
But giue me leaue my Lord to pauſe on this,
Leaſt being tóo too forward in the cauſe,
It may be blemiſh to my modeſtie.

Q. Elian. Sonne *Iohn*, and worthy *Philip* K. of *Fraunce*,
Do you confer awhile about the Dower,
And I will ſchoole my Modeſt Neece ſo well,
That ſhe ſhall yeeld as ſoon as you haue done.

Conſtance. I, there's the wretch that brocheth all this il,
Why flie I not vpon the Beldams face,
And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes?

Arthur. Sweet mother ceaſe theſe haſtie madding fits:
For my ſake, let my Grandame haue her will.
O would ſhe with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could afford it to appeaſe theſe broyles. But

But (mother) let vs wiſely wink at all,
Leaſt farther harmes enſue our haſtie ſpeech.

K. Phil. Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou giue
Vnto my ſonne in marriage with thy neece?

K. Iohn. Firſt *Philip* knows her dowrie out of *Spaine*,
To be ſo great as may content a King:
But more to mend and amplifie the ſame,
I giue in money thirtie thouſand markes.
For land I leaue it to thine owne demand.

K. Phil. Then I demand *Volqueſſon*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Poitiers and *Aniou*, theſe fiue Prouinces,
Which thou as King of *England* holdſt in *Fraunce*:
Then ſhall our peace be ſoone concluded on.

Phil. No leſſe then fiue ſuch Prouinces at once?

K. Iohn. Mother what ſhall I do? my brother got theſe lands
With much effuſion of our *Engliſh* bloud:
And ſhall I giue it all away at once?

Q. Elian. *Iohn* giue it him, ſo ſhalt thou liue in peace,
And keep the reſidue ſans ieopardie.

K. Iohn. Philip, bring forth thy ſonne, here is my neece,
And here in marriage I do giue with her
From me and my ſucceſſors, *Engliſh* Kings,
Volqueſſon, *Poiters*, *Aniou*, *Torain*, *Main*,
And thirtie thouſand markes of ſtipend coyne.
Now citizens, how like you of this match?

Citiz. We ioy to ſee ſo ſweete a peace begun.

Lewis. Lewis with *Blanch* ſhall euer liue content.
But now King *Iohn*, what ſay you to the Duke?
Father, ſpeake as you may in his behalfe.

K. Phil. K. *Iohn*, be good unto thy nephew here,
And giue him ſomewhat that ſhall pleaſe you beſt.

K. Iohn. Arthur, although thou troubleſt *Englands* peace,
Yet here I giue thee *Britaine* for thine owne,
Together with the Earledome of *Richmont*,
And this rich citie of *Angiers* withall.

Q. Elian. And if thou ſeeke to pleaſe thine Vncle *Iohn*,
Shalt ſee my ſonne how I will make of thee.

K. Iohn. Now euery thing is ſorted to this end,
Lets in, and there prepare the marriage rites.
Which in St. *Maries* Chappel preſently
Shall be performed ere this preſence part. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Conſtance *and* Arthur.

Arth. Madame good cheere, theſe drouping languiſh-ments
Add no redreſs to ſalue our awkward haps,
If heauens haue concluded theſe euents,
To ſmall auaile is bitter penſiueneſs:
Seaſons will change, and ſo our preſent greeſe
May change with them, and all to our releeſe.

Conſt. Ah boy, thy eares I ſee are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of theſe cares.
But I, who ſee the poyſe that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wiſh, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame ſhould mount—
What ioy, what eaſe, what reſt can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap do diſagree?

Arth. Yet ladies teares, and cares, and ſolemn ſhewes,
Rather than helpes, heape vp more worke for woes.

Conſt. If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
That from a wounded ſoule implores reuenge;
Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
This curſed countrey, where the traitors breath,
Whoſe periurie (as proud *Briareus*,)
Beleaguers all the ſkie with miſ-beleefe.

He

He promist *Arthur*, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy fo-mans pride:
But now black-spotted periurie as he is,
He takes a truce with *Elianors* damned brat,
And marries *Lewis* to her louely neece,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene these lovers: ill betide the match.
And as they shoulder thee from out thine owne,
And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares:
So heauens crosse them with a thriftlesse course.
Is all the bloud yspilt on either part,
Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,
Growne to a loue-game and a bridall feast?
And must thy birth-right bid the wedding banes?
Poore helplesse boy, hopelesse and helplesse too,
To whom misfortune seems no yoake at all,
Thy stay, thy state, thy immihent mishaps
Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
Why lookst thou pale? the colour flies thy face:
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it muddie with my doles discourse,
Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
We must obscure this mone with melodie,
Least worser wrack ensue our male-content, [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King of England, *the King of* France, Arthur, Phil. *the* Bastard, Lewis, Limoges, Constance, Blanch, Chattilion, Pembroke, Salisburie, *and* Elianor.

K. Iohn. This is the day, the long-desired day,
Wherein the Realmes of *England* and of *Fraunce*
Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
Thrice happy is the Bridegroome and the Bride,

From.

From whoſe ſweet bridall ſuch a concord ſpringe,
To make of mortall foes immortall friends.
Conſt. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.
Phil. Vnhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge,
Rouze thee *Plantaginet*, line not to ſee
The Butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.
Kings, Princes, and ye Peers of either realmes,
Pardon my raſhnes, and forgiue the zeale
That carries me in furie to a deede
Of high deſert, of honour, and of armes.
A boone, (O Kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
Proſtrate upon his knee: which knee ſhall cleaue
Vnto the ſuperficies of the earth,
Till *Fraunce* and *England* grant this glorious boone.
K. Iohn. Speake *Philip*, *England* grants thee thy requeſt.
K. Phil. And *France* confirmes what ere is in his Power.
Phil. Then Duke ſit faſt, I leuell at thy head,
Too baſe a ranſome for my fathers life.
Princes I craue the combate with the Duke
That braues it in diſhonour of my ſire.
Your words are paſt, nor can you now reuerſe,
The princely promiſe that reuiues my ſoul,
Whereat me thinkes I ſee his ſinewes ſhake:
This is the boone (dread Lords) which granted once
Or life or death are pleaſant to my ſoule;
Since I ſhall liue and die in *Richards* right.
Lim. Baſe baſtard, miſbegotten of a King,
To interrupt theſe holy nuptiall rites
With brawles and tumults to a Dukes diſgrace;
Let it ſuffice, I ſcorne to ioyne in fight,
With one ſo fare vnequall to my ſelfe.
Phil. A fine excuſe, Kings if you will be Kings,
Then keepe your words, and let us combate it.

K. Iohn.

K. Iohn. Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
Beeing a ſubiect vnto neither realme:
But tell me *Auſtria*, if an *Engliſh* Duke
Should dare thee thus, wouldſt thou accept the challenge?

Lim. Elſe let the world account the *Auſtrich* Duke
The greateſt coward liuing on the earth.

K. Iohn. Then cheere thee *Philip*, *Iohn* will keep his word,
Kneele downe, in fight of *Philip* King of *Fraunce*,
And all theſe princely lords affembled here,
I gird thee with the ſword of *Normandie*,
And of that land I do inueſt thee Duke:
So ſhalt thou be in liuing and in land
Nothing inferiour vnto *Auſtria*.

Lim. K. Iohn, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
Thou wrong'ſt mine honour: and that thou mai'ſt ſee
How much I ſcorne thy new made Duke and thee,
I flatly ſay, I will not be compeld:
And ſo farewel ſir Duke of low degree,
Ile find a time to match you for this geare. [*Exit.*

K. Iohn. Stay *Philip*, let him goe, the honours thine.

Phil. I cannot liue unleſs his life be mine.

Q. Elian. Thy forwardnes this day hath ioy'd my ſoule,
And made me think my *Richard* liues in thee.

K. Phil. Lordings let's in, and ſpend the wedding day
In maſkes and triumphs, letting quarrels ceaſe.

Enter a Cardinal from Rome.

Pand. Stay King of *Fraunce*, I charge thee ioyn not hands
With him that ſtands accurſt of God and men.
Know *Iohn*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of *Millaine*, and Legate from the See of *Rome*, demand of thee in the name of our holy father the Pope *Innocent*, why thou doſt (contrary

trary to the lawes of our holy mother the church, and our holy father the Pope) diſturb the quiet of the church, and diſanull the election of *Stephen Langton*, whom his holineſſe hath elected Archbiſhop of *Canterburie*: this in his holineſſe name I demand of thee?

K. Iohn. And what haſt thou or the Pope thy maſter to do to demand of me, how I imploy mine own? Know ſir prieſt, as I honor the church and holy church-men, ſo I ſcorn to be ſubiect to the greateſt prelate in the world. Tell thy maſter ſo from me, and ſay, *Iohn* of *England* ſaid it, that neuer an *Italian* prieſt of them all, ſhall either haue tythe, tole, or polling penny out of *England*; but as I am King, ſo will I raigne next under God, ſupreame head both ouer ſpiritual and temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hop headleſſe.

K. Phil. What K. *Iohn*, know what you ſay, thus to blaſpheme againſt our holy father the Pope?

K. Iohn. Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Chriſtendome ſuffer themſelues to be abus'd by a prelates ſlauery, my mind is not of ſuch baſe temper. If the Pope will be King of *England*, let him win it with the ſword, I know no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Pand. Iohn, this is thine anſwer?

K. Iohn. What then?

Pand. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padua*, Legate from the Apoſtolike See, do in the name of Saint *Peter* and his ſucceſſor our holy father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accurſed, diſcharging euery of thy ſubiects of all dutie and ſoaltie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiueneſſe of ſinne to thoſe or them whatſoeuer, which ſhall carrie armes againſt thee, or murder thee: This I pronounce and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate perſon.

K. Iohn.

K. Iohn, So ſir, the more the foxe is curs'd the better a fares, if God bleſſe me and my land, let the Pope and his ſhaulings curſe and ſpare not.

Pand. Furthermore, I charge thee *Philip* K. of *Fraunce*, and all the kings and princes of Chriſtendome, to make warre upon this miſcreant: and whereas thou haſt made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I do in the name of our foreſaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, being made with an heretick; howe ſai'ſt thou *Philip*, do'ſt thou obey?

K. Iohn. Brother of *Fraunce*, what ſay you to the Cardinall?

K. Phil. I ſay, I am ſorry for your Maieſtie, requeſting you to ſubmit yourſelfe to the church of *Rome*.

K. Iohn. And what ſay you to our league, if I do not ſubmit?

K. Phil. What ſhould I ſay? I muſt obey the Pope.

K. Iohn. Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

K. Phil. The Legate hath abſolu'd me of mine oath:
Then yeelde to *Rome*, or I defie thee here.

K. Iohn. Why *Philip*, I defie the Pope and thee,
Falſe as thou art, and periur'd King of *Fraunce*,
Vnworthy man to be accounted King.
Giu'ſt thou thy ſword into a prelates hands?
Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes and Friers
Haue taken ſomewhat to maintaine my wars,
Now will I take no more but all they haue.
Ile rouze the lazy lubers from their cels,
And in deſpite Ile ſend them to the Pope.
Mother come you with me, and for the reſt
That will not follow *Iohn* in this attempt,
Confuſion light vpon their damned ſoules.
Come Lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good.

Phil.

K. Phil. And are they gone? thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee
How *Fraunce* will fight for *Rome* and romiſh rites.
Nobles to armes, let him not paſſe the ſeas,
Let's take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The King of *England* to the gates of *Rome*.
Arthur beſtirre thee man, and thou ſhalt ſee
What *Philip* King of *Fraunce* will do for thee.

Blanch. And will your Grace upon your wedding day
Forſake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my Lord, ſtay you at home with me.

Lew. Sweetheart content thee, and wee ſhall agree.

K. Phil. Follow my Lords, Lord Cardinall lead the way,
Drums ſhal be muſicke to this wedding day. [*Exeunt.*

Excurſions. Philip *the Baſtard purſues* Auſtria, *and kils him.*

Phil. Thus hath K. *Richards* ſon performed his vowes,
And offred *Auſtria's* blood for ſacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing ſoule.
Braue *Cordelion*, now my heart doth ſay,
I haue deſeru'd, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy baſe begotten ſonne,
A name as pleaſing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the Duke of *Normandie*.
Lie there a prey to euery rau'ning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy ſpoyles,
And trode thine enſignes underneath his feet,
So do I tread upon thy curſed ſelfe,
And leaue thy body to the fowles for food. [*Exit.*

Excurſions. Arthur, Conſtance, Lewis, *having taken Queen* Elianor *Priſoner.*

Conſt. Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering (arme
Diſpearſt the foes to true ſucceſſion,
Proud,

Proud, and disturber of thy countries peace,
Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the mischiefs hatched in thy braine.

Q. Elian. Contemptuous Dame, unreuerent dutches thou,
To braue so great a Queene as *Elianor*,
Base scold, hast thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to three mightie *English* Kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir boy,
To set your Grandmother at libertie.
And yeeld to *Iohn* your Vncle and your King.

Const. 'Tis not thy words proud Queene shall carry it.

Elian. Nor yet thy threates, proud Dame, shall daunt my mind.

Arth. Sweete Grandame, and good mother leaue these braules.

Elian. Ile find a time to triumph in thy fall.

Const. My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.

Arth. Good mother, weigh it is Queene *Elianor*,
Though she be captiue, use her like her selfe.
Sweet Grandame beare with what my mother sayes,
Your Highnesse shall be used honourably.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. *Lewis* my Lord, Duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, K. *Iohn* relyes his men,
And ginnes the fight afresh: and sweares withall
To loose his life, or set his mother free.

Lewis. *Arthur* away, 'tis time to looke about.

Elian. Why how now dame, what is your courage coold?

Conſt. No *Elianor*, my courage gathers ſtrength,
And hopes to lead both *Iohn* and thee as ſlaues:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. [*Exeunt.*

Excurſions. Elianor *is reſcued by* Iohn, *and* Arthur *is taken Priſoner. Exeunt. Sound Victory.*

Enter Iohn, Elianor, *and* Arthur *priſoner*, Philip *the* Baſtard, Pembroke, Saliſbury, *and* Hubert de Burgh.

K. Iohn. Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right:
Arthur thou ſeeſt, *Fraunce* cannot bolſter thee:
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at laſt nephew thou yeelde thy ſelfe
Into the gardance of thine vncle *Iohn*,
Thou ſhalt be uſed as becomes a Prince.

Arth. Vncle, my grandame taught her nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Might hath preuaild, not right, for I am King
Of *England*, though thou weare the Diademe.

Q. Elian. Sonne *Iohn*, ſoone ſhall we teach him to forget
Theſe prowd preſumptions, and to know himſelfe.

K. Iohn. Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liude not to remember it.
But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
And take ſome order with our Popelings there,
That ſwell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.
Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,

Ranſacke

Ranſacke the Abbeis, Cloyſters, Priories,
Conuert their coine vnto my ſouldiers vſe:
And whatſoere he be within my land,
That goes to *Rome* for iuſtice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the realme,
Let him be iudgde a traitor to the ſtate,
And ſuffer as an enemy to *England*.
Mother, we leaue you here beyond the ſeas,
As Regent of our prouinces in *Fraunce*,
While we to *England* take a ſpeedy courſe,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,
Be he thy priſoner: *Hubert* keep him ſafe,
For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne,
But in his death conſiſts thy Soueraignes bliſſe:
Then *Hubert*, as thou ſhortly hearſt from me,
So uſe the priſoner I haue giuen in charge.

Hub. Frolicke yong prince, thogh I your keeper be,
Yet ſhall your keeper liue at your command.

Arth. As pleaſe my God, ſo ſhall become of me.

Q. Elian. My ſonne, to *England*, I will ſee thee ſhipt,
And pray to God to ſend thee ſafe aſhore.

Phil. Now warres are done, I long to be at home,
To diue into the monks and abbots bagges,
To make ſome ſport among the ſmooth ſkind nunnes,
And keep ſome reuel with the fanzen friers.

K. Iohn. To *England* Lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arm your ſelues againſt the Roman pride. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King of Fraunce, Lewis *his ſonne, Cardinall* Pandolph *Legate, and* Conſtance.

K. Phil. What, euery man attacht with this miſhap?
Why frowne you ſo, why droop ye Lords of *Fraunce*?
Me thinkes it differs from a warre like minde,
To lowre it for a checke or two of chaunce.
Had *Limoges* eſcapt the baſtards ſpight,
A little ſorrow might have ſerude our loſſe.
Braue *Auſtria*, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.

Pand. His ſoule is ſafe and free from purgatorie,
Our holy father hath diſpenſt his ſinnes,
The bleſſed ſaints haue heard our oriſons,
And all are mediators for his ſoule,
And in the right of theſe moſt holy warres,
His holineſſe free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainſt *Engliſh* heretikes,
Who ſtand accurſed in our mother church.

Enter Conſtance *alone.*

K. Phil. To aggrauate the meaſure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Conſtance* for her ſonne.
Be breefe good Madam, for your face imports
A tragicke tale behind thats yet vntold.
Her paſſions ſtop the organ of her voyce,
Deep ſorrow throbbeth miſ-befaln euents,
Out with it Ladie, that our act may end
A full cataſtrophe of ſad laments.

Conſt. My tougue is tun'd to ſtorie forth miſhap:
When did I breathe to tell a pleaſing tale?

Muſt

Muſt *Conſtance* ſpeake? let teares preuent her talke:
Muſt I diſcourſe? let *Dido* ſigh and ſay,
She weepes again to heare the wracke of *Troy:*
Two words will ſerue, and then my tale is done:
Elianors proud brat hath rob'd me of my ſonne.

Lewis. Haue patience Madame, this is chance of warre:
He may be ranſom'd, we reuenge his wrong.

Conſt. Be it ne'er ſo ſoon, I ſhall not liue ſo long.

K. Phil. Deſpaire not yet, come *Conſtance* go with me,
Theſe clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe. [*Exeunt.*

Pand. Now *Lewis*, thy fortune buds with happy ſpring,
Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this.
Arthur is ſafe, let *Iohn* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairſt to *Englands* crowne:
Now ſtirre thy father to begin with *Iohn*,
The Pope ſays I, and ſo is *Albion* thine.

Lewis. Thanks my Lord Legate for your good conceit:
Tis beſt we follow now the game is faire,
My father wants to worke him your good words.

Pand. A few will ſerue to forward him in this,
Thoſe ſhall not want: but let's about it then. [*Exeunt*

Enter Philip *leading a Friar, charging him to ſhew where the Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on you fat Franciſcan, dallie no longer, but ſhew me where the Abbots treaſure lies, or die.

Friar. Benedicamus Domini, was euer ſuch an iniurie? Sweet S. *Withold* of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie, And heare us for S. Charitie, oppreſſed with auſteritie. *In nomine Domini*, make I my homily, Gentle gentilitie grieue not the Cleargie.

Phil. Gray-gown'd good face, coniure ye,
Nere truſt me for a groat,
If this waſt girdle hang thee not
That girdeth in thy coat.
Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,
When vp the gallowes climing,
Say *Philip* he had words enough,
To put you downe with riming.
Fr. O pardon, *O parce*,
S. *Francis* for mercie,
Shall ſhield thee from night-ſpels,
And dreaming of diuels,
If thou wilt forgiue me,
And neuer more grieue me,
With faſting and praying,
And *Haile Marie* ſaying,
From black purgatorie,
A penance right ſory:
Friar *Thomas* will warm you
It ſhall neuer harm you.
Phil. Come leaue off your rabble,
Sirs, hang up this lozell.
2d *Fr.* For charitie I beg his life,
Saint *Francis* chiefeſt friar,
The beſt in all our Couent fir,
To keep a vintners fire.
O ſtrangle not the good old man,
My hoſteſſe oldeſt gueſt,
And I will bring you by and by
Vnto the Priors cheſt.

PHI.

Phil. I, saist thou so, and if thou wilt the Friar is at liberty, if not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for company.

Fr. Come hither, this is the chest,
Thogh simple to behold,
That wanteth not a thousand pound
In siluer and in gold.
My self wil warrant ful so much,
I know the Abbots store,
Ile pawn my life there is no less,
To haue what ere is more.

Phil. I take thy word, the ouerplus
Vnto thy share shall come,
But if there want of full so much,
Thy necke shall pay the summe.
Breake vp the coffer, Friar.

Fr. Oh I am undone, fair *Alice* the Nunne
Hath took up her rest in the Abbots chest.
Sancte Benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.
Fie *Alice*, confession will not salue this transgression.

Phil. What haue we here, a holy Nunne?
So keep me God in health.
A smooth facde Nunn (for aught I know)
Is all the Abbots wealth.
Is this the Nunries chastitie?
Beshrew me but I thinke
They go as oft to venery
As niggards to their drinke.
Why paltry Friar and Pandar too,
Ye shameless shauen crowne,
Is this the chest that held a hoord,
At least a thousand pound?

And

And is the hoord a holy whore?
Well, be the hangman nimble,
He'l take the pain to pay you home,
And teach you to dissemble.
Nunne, O spare the Friar *Anthony*,
A better neuer was
To sing a dirige solemnely,
Or read a morning masse.
If money be the meanes of this,
I know an ancient Nunne,
That hath a hoord these seuen yeeres,
Did neuer see the sunne;
And that is yours, and what is ours,
So fauour now be showne,
You shall commaund as commonly,
As if it were your owne.
Fr. Your honour excepted.
Nunne. I *Thomas*, I meane so.
Phil. From all saue from Friars.
Nunne. Good sir, doe not thinke so.
Phil. I thinke and see so:
Why how camst thou here?
Fr. To hide her from lay men.
Nunne. 'Tis true sir, for feare.
Phil. For fear of the laitie: a pitifull dred
When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friars bed.
But now for your ransome my cloyster-bred conney,
To the chest that you speake of where lies so much mony.
Nunne. Faire sir, within this presse, of plate and money is
The valew of a thousand markes, and other thing by gis.
Let us alone, and take it all, tis yours sir, now you know it.

Phil.

Phil. Come on sir Friar, picke the locke, this geere
doth cotton hansome,
That couetousneſſe ſo cunningly muſt pay the lechers
ranſome.
What is in the hoord?

Fr. Friar *Laurence* my Lord, now holy water helpe vs,
Some witch or ſome diuell is ſent to delude us:
Haud credo Laurentius, that thou ſhouldſt be pend thus
In the preſſe of a Nunne we are all vndone,
And brought to diſcredence, if thou be Friar *Laurence*.

Fr. Amor vincit omnia, ſo *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a Friar whoſe fancie ſoone burneth,
Becauſe he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he ſhould.

Phil. How goes this geere? the Friars cheſt filld with
a fauſen Nunne.
The Nunne again locks Friar up
To keep him from the funne.
Belike the preſſe is Purgatorie,
Or penance paſſing grieuous:
The Friars cheſt a hell for Nunnes!
How do theſe dolts deceiue vs?
Is this the labour of their liues,
To feede and liue at eaſe?
To reuel ſo laſciuiouſly,
As often as they pleaſe.
Ile mend the fault, or fault my aime,
If I do miſſe amending,
Tis better burn the Cloyſters downe,
Than ſeaue them for offending.
But holy you, to you I ſpeake,
To you religious diuell,

Is

Is this the preſſe that holds the ſumme,
To quit you for your euill?
Nunne. I crie *peccaui, parce me,*
Good ſir I was beguil'd.
Fr. Abſolue ſir for charitie,
Shee would be reconcil'd.
Phil. And ſo I ſhall, ſirs bind them faſt,
This is their abſolution,
Goe hang them vp for hurting them,
Haſte them to execution.
Fr. Laurence. *O tempus edax rerum,*
Giue children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *ætatis,*
At threeſcore welneere, to go to this geese,
To my conſcience a clog, to die like a dog.
Exaudi me Domine, ſiuis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, ſi habeo veniam.
To goe and fetch it, I will diſpatch it,
A hundred pounds ſterling, for my liues ſparing.

Enter Peter *a prophet, with people.*

Pet. Hoe, who is here? S. *Francis* be your ſpeed,
Come in my flocke, and follow me,
Your fortunes I will reed,
Come hither boy, go get thee home,
And clime not ouer hie,
For from aloft thy fortune ſtands,
In hazard thou ſhalt die.
Boy. God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our houſe a Sunday.

Pet.

Pet. My boy ſhew me thy hand, bleſſe thee my boy,
For in thy palme I ſee a many troubles are ybent to dwel,
But thou ſhalt ſcape them all and do full well.

Boy. I thank you *Peter*, there's a cheeſe for your labor: my ſiſter prays yee to come home, and tell her how many huſbands ſhe ſhall haue, and ſhee'l giue you a rib of bacon.

Pet. My maſter ſtays at the townes end for me, Ile come to you all anone: I muſt diſpatch ſome buſines with a Friar, and then Ile read your fortunes.

Phil. How now, a prophet! ſir prophet whence are ye?

Pet. I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knoweſt me now, be anſwered: if not, enquire no more what I am.

Phil. Sir, I know you will be a diſſembling knaue, that deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are hee I look for, you ſhal away with me: bring away all the rable, and you Friar *Laurence*, remember your ranſome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your ſelfe, and the reſt; come on ſir prophet, you ſhall with me to receiue a prophets rewarde. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hubert de Burgh *with three men.*

Hub. My maſters, I haue ſhewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauy countenances, you had rather be otherwiſe imployed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choice of ſome other executioner: only this is my comfort, that a King commaunds, whoſe precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in briefe,

leaue

leaue me, and be ready to attend the aduenture: ſtay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, *God ſaue the King*, iſſue ſodainely forth, lay hands on *Arthur*, ſet him in this chaire, wherein (once faſt bound) leaue him with me to finiſh the reſt.

Attendants. We goe, though loath. [*Exeunt*

Hub. My Lord, will it pleaſe your honor to take the benefit of the faire euening?

Enter Arthur *to* Hubert de Burgh.

Arth. Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom reſtraint is newly knowne,
The ioy of walking is ſmall benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with ſmall thanks,
I would not looſe the pleaſure of the eie.
But tell me curteous Keeper if thou can,
How long the King will haue me tarrie heere.

Hub. I know not Prince, but as I geſſe, not long,
God ſend you freedome, and *God ſaue the King*.

They iſſue forth.

Arth. Why how now ſirs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper help;
God ſend this ſodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltles life.

Hub. So ſirs, depart, and leaue the reſt for me.

Arth. Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? good *Hubert* pleade the caſe.

Hub.

Hub. Patience yong Lord, and liſten words of woe,
Harmefull and harſh, hells horror to be heard:
A diſmall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I fainte to tell, deepe ſorrow is the ſound.

Arth. What, muſt I die?

Hub. No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and moſt unluckie fate:
Deaths diſh were daintie at ſo fell a feaſt,
Be deafe, hear not, its hell to tell the reſt.

Arth. Alas, thou wrongſt my youth with words of feare.
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it muſt needes be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.

Hub. I will not chaunt ſuch dolour with my tongue,
Yet muſt I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beſide,
To aide the office haue at once denide.
Peruſe this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert, *theſe are to commaund thee, as thou tendreſt our quiet in minde, and the eſtate of our perſon, that preſently upon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out the eies of* Arthur Plantaginet.

Arth. Ah monſtrous damned man! his very breath infects the elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyſon all the world.
Vnreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
Of great iniuſtice, that the miſcreant
Liues to oppreſſe the innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert!* makes he thee his inſtrument,

To ſound the trump that cauſeth hell triumph ?
Heauen weepes, the ſaints do ſhed celeſtiall teares,
They feare thy fall, and cite thee with remorſe,
They knocke thy conſcience, mouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell :
Hell *Hubert*, truſt me all the plagues of hell
Hang on performance of this damned deede.
This ſeale, the warrant of the bodies bliſſe,
Enſureth Satan chieftaine of thy ſoule :
Subſcribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
I ſpeake not only for eies priuilege,
The chief exterior that I would enioy :
But for thy periſh, farre beyond my paine,
Thy ſweet ſoules loſſe, more than my eies vaine lacke :
A cauſe internall, and eternall too.
Aduiſe thee *Hubert*, for the caſe is hard,
To looſe ſaluation for a Kings reward.

Hub. My Lord, a ſubiect dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the Kings commaund.

Arth. Yet God commaunds whoſe power reacheth further,
That no commaund ſhould ſtand in force to murther.

Hub. But that ſame Eſſence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arth. I pleade, not guilty, treaſonleſſe and free.

Hub. But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.

Arth. Why thou art he that maiſt omit the perill.

Hub. I, if my ſoueraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arth. His quarrell is vnhallowed falſe and wrong.

Hub. Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arth. Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgment with ſo vile a deede.

Hub.

Hub. Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Iudges doomes muſt be reputed doubtfull.
Arth. Yes where in form of law in place and time,
The offender is conuicted of the crime.
Hub. My Lord, my Lord, this long expoſtulation,
Heapes up more griefe, than promiſe of redreſſe:
For this I know, and ſo reſolude I end,
That ſubiects liues on Kings commands depend.
I muſt not reaſon why he is your foe,
But do his charge ſince he commaunds it ſo.
Arth. Then do thy charge, and charged be thy ſoul,
With wrongfull perſecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whoſe ſuperficies yet
I doe behold with eies that nature lent:
Send forth the terror of your Mouers frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wiſh to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blacke tormenters of deep *Tartary*
Vpbraide them with this damned enterpriſe,
Inflicting change of tortures on their ſoules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my oriſons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reaue me of my ſight:
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall ſtab.
Conſtance farewell, tormenter come away,
Make my diſpatch the Tyrants feaſting day.
Hub. I faint, I feare, my conſcience bids deſiſt:
Faint did I ſay? feare was it that I named:
My King commaunds, that warrant ſets me free:
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,

That great Commaunder countercheckes my charge,
He ſtayes my hand, he maketh ſoft my heart.
Goe curſed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thee yong Lord, thou ſhalt not looſe an eie,
Thogh I ſhould purchaſe it with loſſe of life.
Ile to the King, and ſay his will is done
And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
To blinde thoſe lampes that nature poliſht ſo.
Arth. Hubert, if euer *Arthur* be in ſtate,
Looke for amends of this receiued gift,
I tooke my eieſight by thy curteſie,
Thou lentſt them me, I will not be ingrate,
But now procraſtination may offend
The iſſue that thy kindneſſe undertakes:
Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Iohn, Eſſex, Saliſbury, Pembroke.

K. Iohn. Now warlike followers, reſteth ought vndone
That may impeach us of fond ouerſight?
The *French* haue felt the temper of our ſwords,
Cold terror keepes poſſeſſion in their ſoules,
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
For buckling with ſo great an ouermatch:
The arch prowd titled Prieſt of *Italy*,
That calls himſelfe grand Vicar under God,
Is buſied now with trentall obſequies,
Maſſe and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
To eaſe their ſoules in painefull purgatorie,
That haue miſcarried in theſe bloody warres.
Heard you not Lords when firſt his holineſſe

Had

Had Tidings of our ſmall account of him,
How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes,
He vrgde a reaſon why the *Engliſh* Aſſe
Diſdaind the bleſſed ordinance of *Rome?*
The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earſt haue borne the load,
The ſlauiſh weight of that controlling Prieſt:
Who at his pleaſure temperd them like waxe
To carrie armes on danger of his curſe,
Banding their ſoules with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages paſt
(Simply deuoted to the See of *Rome*)
Haue run into a thouſand acts of ſhame.
But now for confirmation of our ſtate,
Sith we haue proond the more than needfull braunch
That did oppreſſe the true well-growing ſtocke,
It reſteth we throughout our territories
Be reproclaimed and inueſted King.

Pemb. My Liege, that were to buſie men with doubts,
Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with applauſe
Your citie ſtreets haue ecchoed to the eare,
God ſaue the King, God ſaue our ſouereigne *Iohn*.
Pardon my feare, my cenſure doth inferre
Your highneſſe not depoſde from regall ſtate,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it ſhould meane to haue you crownd againe.

K. Iohn. Pembroke, perſomme what I haue bid thee do,
Thou knowſt not what induceth me to this.
Eſſex goe in, and Lordings all be gone
About this taſke, I will be crownd anone.

Enter Philip *the Baſtard:*

Phil. What newes, how do the Abbots cheſts?
Are Friars fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Church-men? had they gold or no?
Tell me, how hath thy office tooke effect?

Phil. My Lord, I haue performd your Highnes charge:
The eaſe-bred Abbots, and the bare-foot Friars,
The Monks, the Priors, and holy cloyſtred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth,
Till I had tithde and tolde their holy hoords.
I doubt not when your Highneſſe ſees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.

K. Iohn. Why ſo, now ſorts it *Philip* as it ſhould:
This ſmall intruſion into Abbey trunkes,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,
Curſe, ban, and breathe out damned oriſons,
As thicke as haile-ſtones fore the ſprings approach:
But yet as harmleſſe and without effect,
As is the ecchò of a Cannons cracke
Diſchargde againſt the battlements of heauen.
But what news elſe befell there *Philip?*

Phil. Strange news my Lord: within your territories
Neere *Pomfret* is a prophet new ſprung up,
Whoſe diuination volleis wonders foorth:
To him the commons throng with countrey gifts,
He ſets a date unto the Beldames death,
Preſcribes how long the Virgins ſtate ſhall laſt,
Diſtinguiſheth the mooning of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth:

Of

Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With ſuch aſſurance, ſcruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
Or kept a regiſter of all the deſtinies.

K. Iohn. Thou telſt me maruels, would thou hadſt brought the man,
We might haue queſtioned him of things to come.

Phil. My Lord, I took a care of had-I-wiſt.
And brought the prophet with me to the court,
He ſtaies my Lord but at the preſence doore:
Pleaſeth your Highneſſe, I will call him in.

K. Iohn. Nay ſtay awhile, wee'l haue him here anone.
A thing of weight is firſt to be perform'd.

Enter the nobles and crown King Iohn, *and then cry,* God ſaue the King.

K. Iohn. Lordings and friends ſupporters of our ſtate,
Admire not at this vnaccuſtomd courſe,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours,
Once ere this time was I inueſted King,
Your fealtie ſworne as liegemen to our ſtate:
Once ſince that time ambitious weedes haue ſprung
To ſtaine the beauty of our garden plot:
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The falſe intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made ſun-ſhine chaſe the ſtorme,
After the which, to trie your conſtancie,
That now I ſee is worthie of your names,
We crau'd once more your helpes ſon to inueſt vs
Into the right that envy thought to wracke.
Once was I not depoſde, your former choice;
Now twice been crowned and applauded King?

Your

Your cheered action to inſtall me ſo,
Infers aſſured witneſſe of your loues,
And binds me ouer in a kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance down requitall to the full.
But thankes the while, thankes Lordings to you all:
Aſke me and uſe me, trie me and finde me yours.

Eſſex. A boone my Lord, at vantage of your words
We aſke to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pemb. We take the time your highneſs bids vs aſke:
Pleaſe it you grant, you make your promiſe good,
With leſſer loſſe than one ſuperfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.

K. Iohn. My word is paſt, receiue your boone my Lords,
What may it be? aſke it, and it is yours.

Eſſex. We craue my Lord, to pleaſe the commons with
The libertie of Lady *Conſtance* ſonne:
Whoſe durance darkeneth your Highneſſe right,
As if you kept him priſoner, to the end
Your ſelfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Diſmiſſe him thence, your Highneſſe needs not feare,
Twice by conſent you are proclaim'd our King.

Pemb. This if you grant, were all vnto your good:
For ſimple people muſe you keepe him cloſe.

K. Iohn. Your words haue ſeatcht the center of my thoughts,
Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Diſmiſſe your counſell, ſway my ſtate,
Let *Iohn* doe nothing, but by your conſents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extaſie is this?
Why caſts thou up thy eyes to heauen ſo?

Phil.

There the fiue Moones appeare.

Phil. See, ſee, my Lord, ſtrange apparitions,
Glancing mine eie to ſee the diadem
Plac'd by the Biſhops on your Highneſſe head,
From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtain-like
Diſplaid itſelfe, I ſuddainely eſpied,
Fiue moones reflecting, as you ſee them now:
Euen in the moment that the crowne was plac'd
Gan they appeare, holding the courſe you ſee.
K. Iohn. What might portend theſe apparitions,
Vnvſual ſignes, forerunners of euent,
Preſagers of ſtrange terrors to the world?
Beleeue me Lords, the obiect feares me much.
Philip thou toldſt me of a Wizard but of late,
Fetch in the man to deſcant of this ſhow.
Pemb. The heauens frowne vpon the ſinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccuſtom'd ſignes
They ſpot their ſuperficies with ſuch wonder.
Eſſex. Before the ruines of *Jeruſalem*,
Such meteors were the Enſignes of his wrath,
That haſt'ned to deſtroy the faultfull towne.

Enter Philip *the Baſtard with the Prophet.*

K. Iohn. Is this the man?
Phil. It is my Lord.
K. Iohn. Prophet of *Pomfret*, for ſo I heare thou art,
That calculat'ſt of many things to come:
Who by a power repleat with heauenly gift,
Canſt blab the counſell of thy makers will,
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,

Decide

Decide in cyphering, what theſe fiue moones
Portend this clime, if they preſage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to ſee
Thy diuination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.

Pet. The ſkie wherein theſe moones haue reſidence,
Preſenteth *Rome* the great *Metropolis*,
Where ſits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Foure of the moones preſent foure prouinces,
To wit, *Spaine*, *Denmarke*, *Germanie*, and *Fraunce*,
That beare the yoke of proud commanding *Rome*,
And ſtand in feare to tempt the Prelates curſe.
The ſmalleſt moone that whirles about the reſt,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this iſland *Albion*,
Who gins to ſcorne the ſee and ſeat of *Rome*,
And ſeekes to ſhunne the edicts of the Pope:
This ſhowes the heauen, and this I do auerre
Is figured in the apparitions.

K. Iohn. Why then it ſeemes the heauens ſmile on vs,
Giuing applauſe for leauing of the Pope.
But for they chance in our Meridian,
Doe they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this clime?

Pet. The moones effect no more than what I ſaid:
But on ſome other knowledge that I haue
By my preſcience, ere Aſcenſion day
Haue brought the ſunne vnto his uſuall height
Of Crowne, Eſtate, and Royall dignity,
Thou ſhalt be clean diſpoyl'd and diſpoſſeſt.

K. Iohn. Falſe dreamer, periſh with thy witched newes.
Villaine thou woundſt me with thy fallacies:

If

If it be true, die for thy tidings price;
If falſe, for fearing me with vaine ſuppoſe:
Hence with the witch, hels damned ſecretarie.
Lock him up ſure: for by my faith I ſweare,
True or not true, the Wizard ſhall not liue.
Before Aſcenſion day——who ſhould be cauſe hereof?
Cut off the cauſe, and then the effect will die.
Tut, tut, my mercie ſerues to maime my ſelfe,
The roote doth liue, from whence theſe thornes ſpring vp,
I and my promiſe paſt for his deliu'rie:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
The brat ſhall die, that terrifies me thus.
Pembroke and *Eſſex*, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
Nay murmure not, my will is lawe enough,
I loue you well, but if I lou'd you better,
I would not buy it with my diſcontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now, what newes with thee?

Hub. According to your Highneſſe ſtrict commaund,
Young *Arthurs* eies are blinded and extinct.

K. Iohn. Why ſo, then he may feele the crown, but neuer ſee it.

Hub. Nor ſee nor feele, for of the extreme paine,
Within one houre gave he vp the ghoſt.

K. Iohn. What is he dead?

Hub. He is my Lord.

K. Iohn. Then with him die my cares.

Eſſex. Now ioy betide thy ſoule.

Pemb. And heauens reuenge thy death.

Eſſex.

Eſſex. What haue you done my Lord? was euer heard
A deede of more inhumane conſequence?
Your foes will curſe, your friends will crie reuenge.
Vnkindly rage, more rough than northern wind,
To clip the beautie of ſo ſweete a flower!
What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,
When kinſman dies without impeach of cauſe,
As you haue done, ſo come to cheere you with,
The gvilt ſhall neuer be caſt me in my teeth. [*Exeunt.*

K. Iohn. And are you gone? the diuell be your guide;
Proud rebels as ye are, to braue me ſo:
Saucie, unciuill, checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,
That ſhall haue paſſage through your trayt'rous throats,
But huſh, breath not bugs words too ſoone abroad,
Leſt time preuent the iſſue of thy reach.
Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes:
But while he liu'd the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thouſand feares,
But it hath purchas'd me ten times ten thouſand foes.
Why all is one, ſuch lucke ſhall haunt his game,
To whom the diuell owes an open ſhame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt ſtill on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aimed ſhrewdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
Twice did my ſubiects ſweare me fealtie,
And in my conſcience lou'd me as their liege,
In whoſe defence they would haue pawn'd their liues.
But now they ſhun me as a Serpents ſting,
A tragyke tyrant, ſterne and pitileſſe,

And

And not a title followes after *Iohn*,
But butcher, blood-ſucker, and murderer:
What planet gouern'd my natiuitie,
To bode me foueraigne types of high eſtate,
So interlac'd with helliſh diſcontent,
Wherein fell furie hath no intereſt?
Curſt be the crowne, chief author of my care,
Nay curſt my will, that made the crowne my care:
Curſt be my birth-day, curſt ten times the wombe
That yeelded me aliue into the world.
Art thou the uillaine? Furies haunt thee ſtill,
For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hub. Why here's my Lord your highnes hand and ſeale,
Charging on liues regard to do the deed.

K. Iohn. Ah dull conceipted peaſant, knowſt thou not
It was a damned execrable deed?
Shewſt me a Seale? Oh villaine, both our ſoules
Haue ſolde their freedome to the thrall of hell,
Vnder the warrant of that curſed Seale.
Hence villaine, hang thy ſelfe, and ſay in hell
That I am comming for a kingdome there.

Hub. My Lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
For heauens health ſend Sathan packing hence,
That inſtigates your Highneſſe to deſpaire.
If *Arthurs* death be diſmall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of untruth:
He liues my Lord, the ſweeteſt youth aliue,
In health, with eie ſight, not a haire amiſſe.
This heart tooke vigor from this forward hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.

K. Iohn. What, liues he! then ſweete hope come home agen,
Chaſe hence deſpaire, the purueyor for hell.
Hye *Hubert*, tell theſe tidings to my Lords
That throb in paſſions for yong *Arthurs* death:
Hence *Hubert*, ſtay not till thou haſt reueald
The wiſhed news of *Arthurs* happy health.
I goe my ſelfe, the ioyfullſt man aliue
To ſtorie out this new ſuppoſed crime. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the FIRST PART.

To the GENTLEMEN READERS.

THE changeleſſe purpoſe of determinde Fate
Giues period to our care, or hearts content;
When heauens fixt time for this or that hath end:
Nor can earths pomp or pollicie preuent
The doome ordained in their ſecret will.
Gentles, we left King *Iohn* repleate with bliſſe
That *Arthur* liude, whom he ſuppoſed ſlaine;
And *Hubert* poſting to returne thoſe Lords,
Who deem'd him dead, and parted diſcontent:
Arthur himſelfe begins our latter Act,
Our Act of outrage, deſprate furie, death;
Wherein fond raſhneſſe murdreth firſt a Prince,
And Monkiſh falſeneſſe poyſneth laſt a King.
Firſt Scene ſhews *Arthurs* death in infancie,
And laſt concludes *Iohns* fatal tragedie.

The

The Second Part of

THE

Troubleſome Raigne

OF

KING IOHN.

CONTAINING

The Entrance of Lewis *the* French *Kings ſonne: with the Poyſoning of King* Iohn *by a Monke.*

Enter yong Arthur *on the walls.*

NOW help good hap to further mine entent,
Croſſe not my youth with any more extremes:
I venter life to gaine my libertie,
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.
Feare gins diſſwade the ſtrength of my reſolue,
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
And if I fall, no queſtion death is next:
Better deſiſt, and liue in priſon ſtill.
Priſon ſaid I? nay, rather death than ſo:
Comfort and courage come againe to me,
Ile venter ſure: tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and bruſing his bones, after he was from his traunce, ſpeakes thus;

Hoe, who is nigh? ſome bodie take me vp.
Where is my mother? let me ſpeake with her.
Who hurts me thus? ſpeake hoe, where are you gone?
Ay me poore *Arthur*, I am heere alone.
Why calld I mother, how did I forget?
My fall, my fall, hath killd my mothers ſonne.
How will ſhe weepe at tidings of my death?
My death indeed, O God, my bones are burſt.
Sweete *Ieſu* ſaue my ſoule, forgiue my raſh attempt,
Comfort my mother, ſhield her from deſpaire,
When ſhe ſhall heare my tragycke ouerthrowe.
My heart controuls the office of my tongue,
My vital powers forſake my bruſed trunke,
I die, I die, heauen take my fleeting ſoule,
And lady mother all good hap to thee. *He dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſbury, *and* Eſſex.

Eſſex. My Lords of *Pembroke* and of *Saliſbury*,
We muſt be careful in our policie,
To Vndermine the keepers of this place,
Elſe ſhall we neuer find the Princes graue.

Pemb. My Lord of *Eſſex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not cloſely done.
But who is this? lo Lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life ſhin'd like the Mornings bluſh,
Caſt out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beaſts to gorge vpon.

Saliſb. O ruthfull ſpectacle! O damned deed!
My ſinews ſhake, my very heart doth bleed.

Eſſex.

Eſſex. Leaue childiſh teares braue Lords of *England*,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eies ſhould conduit forth a ſea of teares.
If ſobs would helpe, or ſorows ſerue the turne,
My heart ſhould volley out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootleſs were't to breath as many ſighes
As might ecclipſe the brighteſt Sommers ſunne,
Here reſts the helpe, a ſeruice to his ghoſt.
Let not the tyrant cauſer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull maſſacres,
Giue hand and heart, and *Engliſhmen* to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake us of theſe harmes,

Pemb. The beſt aduice: but who comes poſting here?

Enter Hubert.

Right noble Lords, I ſpeake vnto you all,
The King entreats your ſooneſt ſpeed
To viſit him, who on your preſent want,
Did ban and curſe his birth, himſelfe and me,
For executing of his ſtrict commaund.
I ſaw his paſſion, and at fitteſt time,
Aſſur'd him of his couſins being ſafe,
Whom pity would not let me doe to death:
He craues your company my Lords in haſte,
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur* ſtraight,
Who is in health under my cuſtody.

Eſſex. In health baſe villaine, were't not I leaue the crime
To Gods reuenge, to whom reuenge belongs,
Here ſhould'ſt thou periſh on my rapier's point.
Call'ſt thou this health? ſuch health betide thy friends,

And all that are of thy condition.

Hub. My Lords, but heare me ſpeake, and kil me then.
If here I left not this yong Prince aliue,
Maugre the haſtie Edict of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
That God that gaue me liuing to this houre,
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earneſt loue,
So God loue me, and then I ſhall be well.

Saliſb. Hence traytor hence, thy counſel is herein.

[*Exit Hub.*

Some in this place appointed by the King,
Haue thrown him from his lodging here aboue,
And ſure the murther hath bin newly done,
For yet the body is not fully cõld.

Eſſex. How ſay you Lords, ſhall we with ſpeed diſpatch
Vnder our hands a packet into *Fraunce*,
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force,
To claime the kingdom for his proper right,
His title maketh lawful ſtrength thereto.
Beſides the Pope, on peril of his curſe,
Hath bard us of obedience vnto *Iohn*,
This hateful murder, *Lewis* his true deſcent,
The holy charge that we receiu'd from *Rome*,
Are weightie reaſons, if you like my read,
To make us all perſeuer in this deed.

Pemb. My Lord of *Eſſex*, well haue you admis'd,
I will accord to further you in this.

Saliſb. And *Saliſbury* will not gainſay the ſame:
But aid that courſe as farre forth as he can.

Eſſex. Then each of vs ſend ſtraight to his allies,

To

To win them to this famous enterprise:
And let us all ycled in Palmers weed,
The tenth of April at S. *Edmunds Bury*
Meet to conferre, and on the altar there
Sweare secrecie and aide to this aduise.
Mean while, let vs conuey this body hence,
And giue him buriall, as befits his state,
Keeping his moneths mind, and his obsequies,
With solemne intercession for his soule.
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?

Pemb. The tenth of April at S. *Edmunds Burie*,
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

Essex. Then let vs all conuey the body hence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter K. Iohn, *with two or three, and* Peter *the Prophet.*

K. Iohn. Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
Strange prophecies of imminent mishaps,
Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
That euery obiect these mine eies behold,
Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
Ascension day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
The prodigies this prating Prophet threats.
Tis come indeed: ah were it fully past,
Then were I careless of a thousand feares.
The diall tells me it is twelue at noone.
Were twelue at midnight past, then might I vaunt,
False seers prophecies of no import.
Could I as well with this right hand of mine
Remoue the Sunne from our Meridian,
Vnto the moonested circle of th' antipodes,

As

As turn this ſteele from twelue to twelue agen,
Then *Iohn*, the date of fatall prophecies,
Should with the Prophets life together end.
But *multa cadunt inter calicem ſupremaque labra.*
Peter, vnſay thy fooliſh doting dreame,
And by the crowne of *England* here I ſweare,
To make thee great, and greateſt of thy kin.

Pet. King *Iohn*, although the time I haue preſcrib'd
Be but twelue houres remaining yet behind,
Yet do I know by inſpiration,
Ere that fixt time be fully come about,
King *Iohn* ſhall not be King as heretofore.

K. Iohn. Vaine buzzard, what miſchance can chance ſo ſoone,
To ſet a King beſide his regall ſeat?
My heart is good, my body paſſing ſtrong,
My land in peace, my enemies ſubdu'd,
Onely my barons ſtorme at *Arthurs* death:
But *Arthur* liues, I there the challenge growes,
Were he diſpatch'd vnto his longeſt home,
Then were the King ſecure of thouſand foes.
Hubert, what newes with thee, where are my Lords?

Hub. Hard newes my Lord, *Arthur* the lovely Prince,
Seeking to eſcape ouer the caſtle walles,
Fell headlong downe, and in the curſed fall
He brake his bones, and there before the gate
Your barons found him dead, and breathleſſe quite.

K. Iohn. Is *Arthur* dead? then *Hubert* without more words hang the Prophet.
Away with *Peter*, villain out of my ſight,
I am deafe, be gone, let him not ſpeake a word.

Now

Now *Iohn* thy feares are vaniſht into ſmoake,
Arthur is dead, thou guiltleſſe of his death.
Sweet youth, but that I ſtriued for a crowne,
I could haue well affoarded to thine age,
Long life and happineſſe to thy content.

Enter Philip *the Baſtard.*

K. Iohn. Philip what news with thee?

Phil. The news I heard was *Peters* prayers,
Who wiſht like fortune to befall vs all:
And with that word, the rope his lateſt friend,
Kept him from falling headlong to the ground.

K. Iohn. There let him hang, and be the rauens food,
While *Iohn* triumphs in ſpite of prophecies.
But whats the tidings from the Popelings now?
What ſay the monks and prieſts to our proceedings?
Or where's the Barons that ſo ſuddainely
Did leaue the King upon a falſe ſurmiſe?

Phil. The Prelates ſtorm and thirſt for ſharp reuenge:
But pleaſe your Maieſtie, were that the worſt,
It little skild: a greater danger growes,
Which muſt be weeded out by careful ſpeed,
Or all is loſt, for all is leueld at.

K. Iohn. More frights and feares! what ere thy tidings be,
I am prepar'd: then *Philip*, quickly ſay,
Meane they to murder, or impriſon me?
To giue my Crowne away to *Rome* or *Fraunce*?
Or will they each of them become a King?
Worſe than I think it is, it cannot be.

Phil. Not worſe my Lord, but euery whit as bad.

The

The nobles haue elected *Lewis* King,
In right of Lady *Blanch*, your neece, his wife:
His landing is expected euery houre,
The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Eſtates,
Incited, chiefly by the Cardinall,
Pandulph, that lies here Legate for the Pope,
Thinke long to ſee their new elected King.
And for undoubted proofe, ſee here my Liege,
Letters to me from your Nobilitie,
To be a partie in this action:
Who vnder ſhew of fained holineſſe,
Appoint their meeting at S. *Edmunds Burie*,
There to conſult, conſpire, and conclude
The ouerthrow and downefall of your State.

K. Iohn. Why ſo it muſt be: one houre of content,
Match'd with a month of paſſionate effects.
Why ſhines the Sunne to fauour this conſort?
Why do the winds not breake their brazen gates,
And ſcatter all theſe periur'd complices,
With all their counſels, and their damned drifts?
But ſee the welkin rolleth gently on,
There's not a lowring cloud to frowne on them;
The heauen, the earth, the ſunne, the moone and all,
Conſpire with thoſe confederates my decay.
Then hell for me, if any power be there,
Forſake that place, and guide me ſtep by ſtep,
To poyſon, ſtrangle, murder in their ſteps
Theſe traytors: oh that name is too good for them,
And death is eaſie: is there nothing worſe,
To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew?
What ſaiſt thou *Philip*? why aſſiſts thou not?

Phil.

Phil. Theſe curſes (good my Lord) fit not the ſeaſon:
Help muſt deſcend from heauen againſt this treaſon?

K. Iohn. Nay thou wilt proue a traytor with the reſt,
Goe get thee to them, ſhame come to you all.

Phil. I would be loath to leaue your Highneſſe thus,
Yet your commaund, and I, though grieu'd, will goe.

K. Iohn. Ah *Philip*, whither go'ſt thou? come againe.

Phil. My Lord, theſe motions are as paſſions of a mad man.

K. Iohn. A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
My heart is maz'd, my ſences all foredone.
And *Iohn* of *England* now is quite vndone.
Was euer King as I oppreſt with cares?
Dame *Elianor* my noble mother Queene,
My only hope and comfort in diſtreſſe,
Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the Pope,
All Churches curſt, their doores are ſealed vp,
And for the pleaſure of the Romiſh Prieſt,
The ſeruice of the Higheſt is neglected,
The multitude (a beaſt of many heads)
Doe wiſh confuſion to their ſoueraigne;
The nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
Aſſemble powers to beat mine Empire downe:
And more than this, elect a forrein King.
O *England*, wert thou euer miſerable,
King *Iohn* of *England* ſees thee miſerable:
Iohn, tis thy ſinnes that make it miſerable,
Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achiui.
Philip, as thou haſt euer lou'd thy King,
So ſhow it now: poſt to S. *Edmunds Burie*,

Diſſemble

Diſſemble with the nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their diuelliſh plots, and damn'd deuiſes.
Though *Iohn* be faultie, yet let ſubiects beare,
He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.
A mother, though ſhee were vnnaturall,
Is better than the kindeſt ſtep-dame is:
Let neuer *Engliſhman* truſt forreine rule.
Then *Philip* ſhew thy fealty to thy King,
And mongſt the Nobles plead thou for the King.

Phil. I goe my Lord: ſee how he is diſtraught,
This is the curſed Prieſt of *Italy*
Hath heap'd theſe miſchiefs on this hapleſſe land.
Now *Philip*, hadſt thou *Tullies* eloquence,
Then might'ſt thou hope to plead with good ſucceſſe. [*Exit.*

K. Iohn. And art thou gone? ſucceſſe may follow thee:
Thus haſt thou ſhew'd thy kindneſſe to thy King.
Sirra, in haſte goe greet the Cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope.
Say that the King deſires to ſpeake with him.
Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maiſt reſolue:
And if thou wilt continue *Englands* King,
Then caſt about to keepe thy Diadem;
For life and land, and all is leueld at.
The Pope of *Rome*, tis he that is the cauſe,
He curſeth thee, he ſets thy ſubiects free
From due obedience to their Soueraigne:
He animates the Nobles in their warres,
He giues away the Crowne to *Philips* ſonne,
And pardons all that ſeeke to murder thee:
And thus blind zeal is ſtill predominant.
Then *Iohn* there is no way to keepe thy crowne,
But finely to diſſemble with the Pope:

That

That hand that gaue the wound muſt giue the ſalue
To cure the hurt, elſe quite incurable.
Thy ſinnes are farre too great to be the man
T'aboliſh Pope, and popery from thy Realme:
But in thy ſeate, if I may gueſſe at all,
A King ſhall raigne that ſhall ſuppreſſe them all.
Peace *Iohn*, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
Diſſemble thou, and whatſoere thou ſai'ſt,
Yet with thy heart wiſh their confuſion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pand. Now *Iohn*, vnworthy man to breath on earth,
That do'ſt oppugne againſt thy mother Church:
Why am I ſent for to thy curſed ſelf?

K. Iohn. Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
The holy Vicar of S. *Peters* Church,
Vpon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doe ſubmit me to the ſee of *Rome*,
And vow for penance of my high offence,
To take on me the holy croſs of Chriſt,
And carry armes in holy Chriſtian warres.

Pand. No *Iohn*, thy crowching and diſſembling thus
Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
Say what thou wilt, I will not credite thee:
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
And thou art curſt without redemption.

K. Iohn. Accurſt indeed to kneele to ſuch a drudge,
And get no help with thy ſubmiſſion!
Vnſheathe thy ſword, and ſlay the miſprowd prieſt
That thus triumphs ore thee a mightie King:
No *Iohn*, ſubmit againe, diſſemble yet,

For Prieſts and women muſt be flattered. [*Aſide.*
Yet holy Father thou thyſelfe doſt know,
No time too late for Sinners to repent,
Abſolue me then, and *Iohn* doth ſweare to do
The uttermoſt what euer thou demaundſt.

Pand. Iohn, now I ſee thy hearty penitence,
I rew and pity thy diſtreſt eſtate,
One way is left to reconcile thy ſelfe,
And onely one, which I ſhall ſhew to thee.
Thou muſt ſurrender to the ſee of *Rome*
Thy Crowne and Diadem, then ſhall the Pope
Defend thee from th' inuaſion of thy foes.
And where his Holineſſe hath kindled *Fraunce*,
And ſet thy ſubiects hearts at warre with thee,
Then ſhall he curſe thy foes, and beat them downe,
That ſeeke the diſcontentment of the King.

K. Iohn. From bad to worſe, or I muſt looſe my realme,
Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto *Rome:*
A miſerie more piercing than the darts
That breake from burning exhalations power.
What, ſhall I giue my Crowne with this right hand?
No: with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
What newes with thee?

Pleaſe

Enter Meſſenger.

Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, there is deſcried on the coaſt of Kent an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of all men is thought to be the *French* fleet, vnder the conduct of the *Dolphin*, ſo that it puts the countrey in a mutiny, ſo they ſend to your Grace for ſuccour.

K. Iohn. How now, Lord Cardinal, what's your beſt aduiſe?

Theſe mutinies muſt be allaid in time,
By policy or headſtrong rage at leaſt.
O *Iohn*, theſe troubles tyre thy wearied ſoule,
And like to *Luna* in a ſad Eclipſe,
So are thy thoughts and paſſions for this newes.
Well may it be, when Kings are grieued ſo,
The vulgar ſort worke Princes ouerthrowe.

Pand. K. *Iohn*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow,
This ſtrange annoyance happens to thy Land:
But yet be reconcil'd vnto the Church,
And nothing ſhall be grieuous to thy ſtate.

K. Iohn. On *Pandulph*, be it as thou haſt decreed,
Iohn will not ſpurne againſt thy ſound aduiſe,
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,
My Realme ſhall flouriſh, and my Crowne in peace.

Enter the Nobles, Pembroke, Eſſex, Cheſter, Bewchampe, Clare, *with others.*

Pemb. Now ſweet S. *Edmund* holy Saint in heauen,
Whoſe Shrine is ſacred, high eſteem'd on earth,
Infuze a conſtant zeale in all our hearts,
To proſecute this act of mickle weight,
Lord *Bewchampe* ſay, what friends haue you procur'd.

Bewch. The Ld. *Fitzwater*, Ld. *Percie*, and Ld. *Roſſe*,
Vow'd meeting here this day the leuenth houre.

Eſſex. Vnder the cloke of holy pilgrimage,
By that ſame houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of ſwifteſt wing,
Lord *Euſtauce*, *Veſcy*, Lord *Creſſy*, and Lord *Mowbrey*,
Appointed meeting at S. *Edmunds* ſhrine.

Pemb. Vntill their preſence, Ile conceale my tale,
Sweet complices in holy Chriſtian acts,
That venture for the purchaſſe of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high reſolue,
That pawne their bodies for their ſoules regard.

Eſſex. Now wanteth but the reſt to end this worke,
In Pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong hence, with ſwift vnwoonted pace,
May be they are the perſons you expect.

Pemb. With ſwift vnwoonted gate, ſee what a thing is zeale,
That ſpurs them on with feruence to this ſhrine,
Now ioy come to them for their true intent:
And in good time, here come the war-men all,
That ſweat in body by the minds diſeaſe:
Hap and hearts-eaſe braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter Philip *the Baſtard*, &c.

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauell in a Chriſtian cauſe.

Eſſex. Cheerely repli'd braue branch of Kingly ſtocke,
A right *Plantagenet* ſhould reaſon ſo.
But ſilence Lords, attend our commings cauſe:
The ſeruile yoke that pained vs with toyle,
On ſtrong inſtinct hath fram'd this conuenticle,

To

To eaſe our neckes of ſeruitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our reſt,
Which of you all ſo barren in conceipt,
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
But leſt Enigmas ſhadow ſhining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art,
Th'effect of this reſort importeth this,
To root and clean extirpate tyrant *Iohn*,
Tyrant I ſay, appealing to the man,
If any here, that loues him; and I aſke,
What kindſhip, lenitie, or Chriſtian raigne,
Rules in the man to beare this foul impeach?
Firſt I inferre the *Cheſters* baniſhment:
For reprehending him in moſt vnchriſtian crimes,
Was ſpecial notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the diuell ſhou'd be ſau'd,
But this the leaſt of many thouſand faults,
That circumſtance with leiſure might diſplay.
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale
Which now in preſence, but for ſome great cauſe
Might wiſh to him as to a mortall foe.
But ſhall I cloſe the period with an act
Abhorring in the eares of Chriſtian men,
His couſins death, that ſweete vnguiltie child,
Vntimely butcher'd by the tyrants meanes,
Here are my proofes, as cleere as grauel brooke,
And on the ſame I further muſt inferre,
That who vpholds a tyrant in his courſe,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To ſhew the which, is yet to be deſcrib'd.
My Lord of *Pembroke*, ſhew what is behinde,
Onely I ſay, that were there nothing elſe

To mooue vs, but the Popes moſt dreadfull curſe,
Whereof we are aſſured, if we faile,
It were enough to inflagate vs all,
With earneſtneſſe of ſpirite, to forke a meane
To diſpoſſeſſe *Iohn* of his regiment.

Pemb. Well hath my Lord of *Eſſex* told his tale,
Which I auerre for moſt ſubſtantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I ſay that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our *Engliſh* crowne.
Short tale to make, the See Apoſtolike
Hath offered diſpenſation for the fault.
If any be, as truſt me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the Vſurpers roome:
This is the cauſe of all our preſence here,
That on the holy Altar we proteſt,
To aid the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for *England*.
What ſay you Lords?

Saliſb. As *Pembroke* ſaith, affirmeth *Saliſbury*:
Faire *Lewis* of *Fraunce* that ſpouſed Lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncontrouled ſtrength
To *England*, and what longeth to the crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpoſe, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inueſt him as we may deuiſe,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants ſtead:
And ſo the warrant on the Altar ſworne,
And ſo the intent for which we hither came.

Phil. My Lord of *Saliſbury*, I cannot couch

My

My ſpeeches with the needful words of arte,
As doth beſeeme in ſuch a waightie worke,
But what my conſcience and my duty will,
I purpoſe to impart,
For *Cheſters* exile, blame his buſie wit,
That medled where his dutie quite forbade:
For any priuate cauſes that you haue,
Me thinke they ſhould not mount to ſuch a height,
As to depoſe a King in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death, K. *Iohn* was innocent,
He deſperate was the deathſman to himſelfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime,
Iniuſtly do impute it to his default,
But wher ſel traitoriſme hath reſidence,
There want no words to ſet deſpight on worke.
I ſay tis ſhame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wreſt ſuch petty wrongs in tearms of right,
Againſt a King annointed by the Lord.
Why *Saliſbury*, admit the wrongs are true,
Yet ſubiects may not take in hand reuenge,
And rob the heauens of their proper power,
Where ſitteth he to whom reuenge belongs.
And doth a pope, a prieſt, a man of pride,
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings?
What can he bleſſe, or who regards his curſe,
But ſuch as giue to man, and take from God?
I ſpeake it in the ſight of God aboue,
There's not a man that dies in your beleefe,
But ſells his ſoule perpetually to paine.
Aid *Lewis*, leaue God, kill *Iohn*, pleaſe hell,
Make hauocke of the welfare of your ſoules,
For here I leaue you in the ſight of heauen,

A troope

A troope of traytors, food for helliſh fiends:
If you deſiſt, then follow me as friends,
If not, then do your worſt, as hatefull traytors.
For *Lewis* his right, alaſſe tis too too lame,
A ſenſleſſe claime, if truth be titles friend.
In briefe, if this be cauſe of our reſort,
Our pilgrimage is to the diuels ſhrine.
I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doe,
Nor will I counſell in ſo bad a cauſe:
Pleaſe you returne, we go againe as friends,
If not, I to my King, and you where traytors pleaſe. [*Exit.*

Percie. A hot yong man, and ſo my Lords proceed,
I let him goe, and better loſt than found.

Pemb. What ſay you Lords, will all the reſt proceed,
Will you all with me ſweare vpon the Altar,
That you will to the death, be aid to *Lewis*, and enemy to *Iohn?*
Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witneſs of his harts accord.
Well then, euery man to armes to meet the King,
Who is already before *London.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Pemb. What newes Herauld?

The right Chriſtian Prince my maſter, *Lewis* of *Fraunce*, is at hand, comming to viſit your Honours, directed hither by the right honourable *Richard* Earle of *Bigot*, to conferre with your honours.

Pemb. How neere is his Highneſſe?

Meſſ. Ready to enter your preſence.

Enter

Enter Lewis, *Earle* Bigot, *with his troupe.*

Lewis. Faire Lords of *England*, *Lewis* ſalutes you all
As friends, and firm wel-willers of his weale,
At whoſe requeſt, from plentie flowing *Fraunce*,
Croſſing the Ocean with a ſoutherne gale,
He is in perſon come at your commaunds,
To vndertake and gratifie withall,
The fulneſſe of your fauours proffered him.
But worlds braue men, omitting promiſes,
Till time be minifter of more amends,
I muſt acquaint you with our fortunes courſe.
The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
Haue in their conduct ſafe with victory,
Brought me along your well manured bounds,
With ſmall repulſe, and little croſs of chance,
Your citie *Rochester*, with great applauſe,
By ſome diuine inſtinct laid armes aſide:
And from the hollow holes of *Thameſis*,
Eccho apace reply'd, *Viue la Roy*.
From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
To *Troynouant*, your faire *Metropolis*,
With lucke came *Lewis*, to ſhew his troupes of *Fraunce*,
Wauing our Enſignes with the dallying winds,
The fearfull obiect of ſtill frowning warre:
Where after ſome aſſault, and ſmall defence,
Heauens may I ſay, and not my warlike troupe,
Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
Within the compaſſe of their high built wals,
Giuing me title, as it ſeemd they wiſh.
Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardneſſe,

Meanes

Meanes of content, in lieu of former griefe:
And may I liue but to requite you all,
Worlds wiſh were mine, in dying noted yours.
Saliſb. Welcom the balme that cloſeth vp our wounds,
The ſoueraigne medcine for our quicke recure,
The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,
Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
Without the which, as ſheepe without their heird,
(Except a ſhepheard winking at the wolfe)
We ſtray, we pine, we run to thouſand harmes.
No maruell then, though with vnwonted ioy,
We welcome him that beateth woes away.
Lewis. Thanks to you all of this religious league,
A holy knot of Catholike conſent.
I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,
But like a ſtranger vnacquainted yet,
In generall I promiſe faithfull loue:
Lord *Bigot* brought me to S. *Edmunds* ſhrine,
Giuing me warrant of a Chriſtian oath,
That this aſſembly came deuoted here,
To ſweare according as your packets ſhow'd,
Homage and loyall ſeruice to our ſelfe,
I need not doubt the ſuretie of your wils,
Since well I know, for many of your ſakes,
The townes haue yeelded on their own accords:
Yet for a faſhion, not for miſbeleefe,
My eyes muſt witneſſe, and theſe eares muſt heare
Your oath vpon the holy Altar ſworne,
And after march, to end our commings cauſe.
Saliſb. That we intend no other than good truth,
All that are preſent of this holy league,
For confirmation of our better truſt,

In

In preſence of his Highneſſe, ſweare with me,
The ſequel that my ſelfe ſhall vtter here.

I *Thomas Plantagenet*, Earle of *Saliſbury*, ſweare upon the Altar, and by the holy army of Saints, homage and allegeance to the right Chriſtian Prince *Lewis* of *Fraunce*, as true and rightfull King to *England*, *Cornewall* and *Wales*, and to their territories: in the defence whereof, I vpon the holy Altar ſweare all forwardneſſe. *All the Engliſh Lords ſweare.*

Lords. As the noble Earle hath ſworne, ſo ſweare we all.

Lewis. I reſt aſſured on your holy oath,
And on this Altar in like ſort I ſweare
Loue to you all, and princely recompence
To guerdon your good wils vnto the full.
And ſince I am at this religious ſhrine,
My good wel-willers giue vs leaue awhile,
To vſe ſome orizons ourſelues apart,
To all the holy company of heauen,
That they will ſmile vpon our purpoſes,
And bring them to a fortunate euent.

Saliſb. We leaue your Highneſſe to your good intent.

Exeunt Lords of England.

Lewis. Now viſcount *Meloun*, what remains behind?
Truſt me theſe traytors to their Soueraigne State,
Are not to be beleeu'd in any ſort.

Meloun. Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oaths,
And play the Rebels gainſt their natiue King,
Will for as little cauſe reuolt from you,
If euer opportunitie incite them ſo:

For

For once forſworne, and neuer after found,
There's no affiance after periury.

Lewis. Wel, *Meloun*, wel, let's ſmooth with them awhile,
Vntil we haue as much as they can doe:
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,
Ile hang them for the guerdon of their helpe:
Meane while wee'l uſe them as a pretious poyſon,
To vndertake the iſſue of our hope.

Fr. Lord. Tis policy (my Lord) to bait our hookes
With merry ſmiles, and promiſe of much weight:
But when your Highneſſe needeth them no more,
Tis good make ſure worke with them, leſt indeede
They prooue to you as to their naturall King.

Meloun. Truſt mee my Lord, right well haue you aduiſed:
Venome for vſe, but neuer for a ſport
Is to be dallied with, leſt it infect.
Were you inſtalld, as ſoon I hope you ſhall:
Be free from traitors, and diſpatch them all.

Lewis. That ſo I meane, I ſweare before you all
On this ſame Altar, and by heauens power,
There's not an *Engliſh* traitor of them all,
Iohn once diſpatcht, and I faire *Englands* King,
Shall on his ſhoulders beare his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilts deſert:
Nor ſhall their heires inioy their Seigniories,
But periſh by their parents foule amiſſe.
This haue I ſworne, and this will I performe,
If ere I come unto the height I hope.
Lay downe your hands, and ſweare the ſame with me.

The French *Lords ſweare.*

Why ſo, now call them in, and ſpeake them faire,
A ſmile of *Fraunce* will feede an *Engliſh* foole.

Beare

Beare them in hand as friends, for ſo they be:
But in the heart like traytors as they are.

Enter the Engliſh *Lords.*

Now famous followers, chiefetaines of the world,
Haue we ſollicited with hearty prayer
The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
Leaue we this place, and march we with our power
To rowſe the tyrant from his chiefeſt hold:
And when our labours haue a proſprous end,
Each man ſhall reape the fruit of his deſert.
And ſo reſolu'd, braue followers let vs hence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Iohn, Philip *the Baſtard,* Pandulph, *and a many Prieſts with them.*

Pand. Thus *Iohn,* thou art abſolu'd from all thy ſinnes,
And freed by order from our Fathers curſe.
Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this prouiſo,
That thou remain true liegeman to the Pope,
And carry armes in right of holy *Rome.*

K. Iohn. I holde the ſame as tenant to the Pope,
And thanke your Holineſſe for your kindneſſe ſhewne.

Phil. A proper ieſt, when Kings muſt ſtoop to Friars,
Need hath no law, when Friars muſt be Kings.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, the Prince of *Fraunce,*
With all the Nobles of your Graces land
Are marching hitherward in good aray.
Where ere they ſet their foot, all places yeeld:

Thy land is theirs, and not a foot holds out
But *Douer* Caſtle, which is hard beſieg'd.

Pand. Feare not King *Iohn*, thy kingdome is the Popes,
And they ſhall know his Holineſſe hath power,
To beate them ſoone from whence he hath to doe.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter Lewis, Meloun, Saliſbury, Eſſex, Pembroke, *and all the Nobles from* Fraunce *and* England.

Lewis. Pandulph, as gaue his Holineſſe in charge,
So hath the Dolphin muſter'd vp his troupes,
And wonne the greateſt part of all this land.
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,
Thus to conuerſe with *Iohn* that is accurſt.

Pand. Lewis of *Fraunce*, victorious Conqueror,
Whoſe ſword hath made this Iland quake for feare;
Thy forwardneſſe to fight for holy *Rome*,
Shall be remunerated to the full:
But know my Lord, King *Iohn* is now abſolu'd,
The Pope is pleaſde, the land is bleſt agen,
And thou haſt brought each thing to good effect.
It reſteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,
And quietly return to *Fraunce* againe:
For all is done the Pope would wiſh thee doe.

Lewis. But all's not done that *Lewis* came to doe.
Why *Pandulph*, hath King *Philip* ſent his ſonne
And beene at ſuch exceſſiue charge in warres,
To be diſmiſt with words? King *Iohn* ſhall know,
England is mine, and he vſurps my right.

Pand. Lewis, I charge thee and thy complices
Vpon the paine of *Pandulphs* holy curſe,

That

That thou withdraw thy powers to *France* againe,
And yeelde vp *London* and the neighbour townes
That thou hast tane in *England* by the sword.

Meloun. Lord Cardinall, by *Lewis* princely leaue,
It can be nought but vsurpation
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of *Rome*,
Thus to insult on Kings of *Christendome*,
Now with a word to make them carrie armes,
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.
This must not be: Prince *Lewis* keepe thine owne,
Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellies full.

Phil. My Lord of *Meloun*, what title had the Prince
To *England* and the Crowne of *Albion*,
But such a title as the Pope confirm'd:
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime:
Lewis is but the agent for the Pope,
Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast:
But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
If you my Lords and Barons of the Land
Will leaue the *French*, and cleaue vnto our King,
For shame yee Peeres of *England* suffer not
Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall:
But with resolued thoughts beate backe the *French*,
And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

Salisb. *Philip*, not so, Lord *Lewis* is our King,
And we will follow him vnto the death.

Pand. Then in the name of *Innocent* the Pope,
I curse the Prince and all that take his part,
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres
As traitors to the King, and to the Pope.

Lewis. *Pandulph*, our swords shall blesse our selues agen:
Prepare thee *Iohn*, Lords follow me your King. [*Exeunt.*

K. Iohn. Accurſed *Iohn*, the diuell owes thée ſhame,
Reſiſting *Rome*, or yeelding to the Pope, all's one.
The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and *Fraunce:*
Shame be my ſhare for yeelding to the Prieſt.

Pand. Comfort thy ſelfe King *Iohn*, the Cardinall goes
Vpon his curſe to make them leaue their armes. [*Exit.*

Phil. Comfort my Lord, and curſe the Cardinall,
Betake your ſelfe to armes, my troupes are preſt
To anſwer *Lewis* with a luſtie ſhocke:
The *Engliſh* archers haue their quiuers full,
Their bowes are bent, the pikes are preſt to puſh:
Good cheere my Lord, King *Richards* fortune hangs
Vpon the plume of warrelike *Philips* helme.
Then let them know his brother and his ſonne
Are leaders of the *Engliſhmen* at armes.

K. Iohn. Philip I know not how to anſwer thee:
But let us hence, to anſwer *Lewis* pride.

Excurſions. Enter Meloun *with Engliſh Lords.*

Meloun. O I am ſlaine, Nobles, *Saliſbury*, *Pembroke*,
My ſoule is charged, heare me: for what I ſay
Concerns the Peeres of *England*, and their State.
Liſten, braue Lords, a fearfull mourning tale
To be deliuered by a man of death.
Behold theſe ſcarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
Are harbingers from natures common foe,
Citing this truncke to *Tellus* priſon houſe;
Lifes charter (Lordings) laſteth not an houre:
And fearefull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
Bid me giue phyſicke to a ſickely ſoule.
O Peeres of *England*, know you what you do?

There's

There's but a haire that ſunders you from harme,
The hooke is baited, and the traine is made,
And ſimply you run doating to your deaths.
But leſt I die, and leaue my tale vntolde,
With ſilence ſlaughtering ſo braue a crew,
This I auerre, if *Lewis* winne the day,
There's not an *Engliſhman* that lifts his hand
Againſt King *Iohn* to plant the helre of *Fraunce*,
But is already damnd to cruell death.
I heard it vow'd; my ſelfe amongſt the reſt
Swore on the Altar aid to this Edict.
Two cauſes Lords, make me diſplay this drift,
The greateſt for the freedome of my ſoule,
That longs to leaue this manſion free from guilt:
The other on a naturall inſtinct,
For that my Grandſire was an *Engliſhman*.
Miſdoubt not Lords the truth of my diſcourſe,
No frenſie, nor no brainſicke idle fit,
But well aduiſde, and wotting what I ſay,
Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,
That nothing is diſcouered but a truth.
'Tis time to liue, ſubmit your ſelues to *Iohn*,
The ſmiles of *Fraunce* made in the frownes of death,
Lift vp your ſwords, turne face againſt the *French*,
Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.
Backe warremen, backe, imbowell not the clime,
Your ſeate, your nurſe, your birth dayes breathing place,
That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.
Ah! be not ſo ingrate to digge your mothers graue,
Preſerue your lambes and beate away the wolfe.
My ſoule hath ſaid, contritions penitence

Laies hold on mans redemption for my ſinne.
Farewell my Lords; witneſſe my faith when we are met in heauen,
And for my kindneſſe giue me graue roome here.
My ſoule doth fleet, worlds vanities farewell. [*Dies.*

Saliſb. Now ioy betide thy ſoule well-meaning man,
How now my Lords, what cooling carde is this?
A greater griefe growes now than earſt hath beene.
What counſell giue you, ſhall we ſtay and die,
Or ſhall we home, and kneele vnto the King?

Pemb. My heart miſgaue this ſad accurſed newes:
What haue we done? fie Lords, what frenſie moued
Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of *Fraunce?*
If we perſeuer, we are ſure to die:
If we deſiſt, ſmall hope againe of life.

Saliſb. Beare hence the body of this wretched man,
That made vs wretched with his dying tale,
And ſtand not wayling on our preſent harmes,
As women wont: but ſeeke our harmes redreſſe.
As for my ſelfe, I will in haſte be gone:
And kneele for pardon to our ſoueraigne *Iohn.*

Pemb. I, there's the way, let's rather kneele to him,
Than to the *French* that would confound vs all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Iohn *carried between two Lords.*

K. Iohn. Set downe, ſet downe the loade not woorth your paine,
For done I am with deadly wounding griefe:
Sickely and ſuccourleſſe, hopeleſſe of any good;
The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it:
It loathes I liue, I liue and loathe my ſelfe.

Who

Who pities me? to whom haue I been kinde?
But to a few; a few will pity me.
Why die I not? Death ſcornes ſo vilde a prey.
Why liue I not? Life hates ſo ſad a prize.
I ſue to both to be retaind of either,
But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.
Phil. How fares my Lord, that he is carried thus?
Not all the ankeward fortunes yet befalne,
Made ſuch impreſſion of lament in me.
Nor euer did my eye attaint my heart
With any obiect mooving more remorſe,
Than now beholding of a mighty King,
Borne by his Lords in ſuch diſtreſſed State.
K. Iohn. What newes with thee? if bad, report it ſtraight;
If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.
Phil. Such as it is, and heauy though it be,
To glut the world with tragicke elegies,
Once will I breathe to aggrauate the reſt,
Another moane to make the meaſure full.
The braueſt bow-man had not yet ſent forth
Two arrowes from the quiuer at his ſide,
But that a rumour went throughout our Campe,
That *Iohn* was fled, the King had left the field.
At laſt the rumour ſcal'd theſe eares of mine,
Who rather choſe a ſacrifice for *Mars*,
Than ignominious ſcandall by retire.
I cheer'd the troupes, as did the Prince of *Troy*,
His weary followers gainſt the *Mermidons*,
Crying alowd, S. *George*, the day is ours.

But feare had captiuated courage quite,
And like the Lambe before the greedie Wolfe,
So heartleſſe fled our wasremen from the field.
Short tale to make, my ſelfe amongſt the reſt,
Was faine to fly before the eager foe.
By this time night had ſhadowed all the earth,
With ſable curtaine of the blackeſt hue,
And fenc'd us from the furie of the *French*,
As *Io* from the iealous *Iunoes* eie.
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
Paſſing the waſhes with our carriages,
The impartial tide deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And ſwallowed vp the moſt of all our men,
My ſelfe vpon a Galloway right free, well pac'd,
Out ſtript the flouds that followed waue by waue,
I ſo eſcap'd to tell this tragicke tale.

K. Iohn. Griefe vpon griefe, yet none ſo great a griefe
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was euer any ſo infortunate,
The right Idea of a curſed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for deſpight?
My feuer growes, what ague ſhakes me ſo?
How farre to *Swinſtead*, tell me, do you know?
Preſent vnto the Abbot word of my repaire.
My ſickneſſe rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
I cannot liue vnleſſe this feuer leaue me.

Phil. Good cheere my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meet you.

Enter

Enter the Abbot and certaine Monkes.

Abb. All health and happines to our soueraigne Lord the King.

K. Iohn. Nor health nor happines hath *Iohn* at all. Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy houſe?

Abb. Such welcome as our Abbey can afford, Your maieſtie ſhall be aſſured of.

Phil. The King thou ſeeſt is weake and uery faint, What victuals haſt thou to refreſh his Grace?

Abb. Good ſtore my Lord, of that you need not feare, For *Lincolneſhire*, and theſe our Abbey grounds Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight.

K. Iohn. Philip, thou neuer needſt to doubt of cares Nor King nor Lord is ſeated halfe ſo well, As are the Abbeis throughout all the land, If any plot of ground do paſſe another, The friars faſten on it ſtrait: But let vs in to taſte of their repaſt, It goes againſt my heart to feed with them, Or be beholding to ſuch Abbey groomes. [*Exeunt.*

Manet a Monke.

Monke. Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Friar? Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope? Is this the man that rob'd the holy Church, And yet will flie vnto a Friary? Is this the King that aymes at Abbeis lands? Is this the man whom all the world abhorres, And yet will flie vnto a Friary?

Accurſt

Accurſt be *Swinſtead* Abbey, Abbot, Friars,
Monkes, Nunnes, and Clerks, and all that dwell therein,
If wicked *Iohn* eſcape aliue away.
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,
And be canonized for a holy Saint:
To pleaſe the world with a deſeruing worke,
Be thou the man to ſet thy countrey free,
And murder him that ſeekes to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. Why are not you within to cheere the King?
He now begins to mead, and will to meate.
Monke. What if I lay to ſtrangle him in his ſleepe?
Abb. What, at thy *Mumpſimus?* away,
And ſeeke ſome meanes for to paſtime the King.
Monke. Ile ſet a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
And with a mallet knocke him on the head.
Abb. Alas, what meanes this monke to murder me?
Dare lay my Life hee'l kill me for my place.
Monke. I'll poyſon him, and it ſhall ne'r be knowne,
And then ſhall I be chiefeſt of my houſe.
Abb. If I were dead indeed he is the next,
But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad,
And in his madneſſe he will murder me.
Monke. My Ld. I cry your Lordſhip mercy, I ſaw you not.
Abb. Alas good *Thomas* do not murder me, and thou ſhalt haue my place with thouſand thanks.
Monke. I murder you! God ſhield from ſuch a thought!
Abb. If thou wilt needs, yet let me ſay my prayers.
Monke. I will not hurt your Lordſhip good my Lord:

but

but if you pleaſe, I will impart a thing that ſhall be beneficiall to vs all.

Abb. Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? ſay on.

Monke. You know my Lord, the King is in our houſe.

Abb. True.

Monke. You know likewiſe the King abhorres a Friar.

Abb. True.

Monke. And he that loues not a Friar is our enemy.

Abb. Thou ſaiſt true.

Monke. Then the King is our enemy.

Abb. True.

Monke. Why then ſhould we not kil our enemy, and the King being our enemy, why then ſhould we not kill the King.

Abb. O bleſſed Monke! I ſee God moues thy minde
To free this land from tyrants flauery.
But who dare venter for to do this deede?

Monke. Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deede,
Ile free my countrey and the Church from foes,
And merit heauen by killing of a King.

Abb. Thomas kneele downe, and if thou art reſolu'd,
I will abſolve thee here from all thy ſinnes,
For why the deede is meritorious.
Forward, and feare not man, for euery month,
Our Friars ſhall ſing a maſſe for *Thomas* ſoule.

Monke. God and S. *Francis* proſper my attempt,
For now my Lord I goe about my worke. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lewis *and his armie.*

Lewis. Thus victorie in bloudie lawrell clad,
Followes the fortune of yong *Ledowike*,

The

The *Engliſhmen* as danted at our ſight,
Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eies,
Onely two croſſes of contrary change
Do nip my heart, and vex me with vnreſt.
Lord *Melouns* death, the one part of my ſoule,
A brauer man did neuer liue in *Fraunce*.
The other griefe, I that's a gall indeed,
To thinke that *Douer* caſtle ſhould hold out
Gainſt all aſſaults, and reſt impregnable.
Yee warrelike race of *Francus*, *Hectors* ſonne,
Triumph in conqueſt of that tyrant *Iohn*,
The better halfe of *England* is our owne:
And towards the conqueſt of the other part,
We haue the face of all the *Engliſh* Lords,
What then remaines but ouerrun the land?
Be reſolute my warrelike followers,
And if good fortune ſerue as ſhe begins,
The pooreſt peſant of the realme of *Fraunce*
Shall be a maſter ore an *Engliſh* Lord.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lewis. Fellow, what newes?

Meſſ. Pleaſeth your Grace, the Earle of *Saliſbury*, *Pembroke*, *Eſſex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the Barons that did fight for thee, are on a ſodaine fled with all their powers, to ioyne with *Iohn*, to driue thee back againe.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. *Lewis* my Lord, why ſtandſt thou in a maze?
Gather thy troupes, hope not of helpe from *Fraunce*,
For all thy forces being fifty ſaile,

Containing

Containing twenty thouſand ſoldiers,
With victuall and munition for the warre,
Putting them from *Callis* in vnluckie time,
Did croſſe the ſeas, and on the *Goodwin* ſands,
The men, munition, and the ſhips are loſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Lewis. More newes? ſay on.

Meſſ. *Iohn* (my Lord) with all his ſcattered troups,
Flying the fury of your conquering ſword,
As *Pharaoh* earſt within the bloody ſea,
So he and his enuironed with the tide,
On *Lincolne* waſhes all were ouerwhelmed,
The Barons fled, our forces caſt away.

Lewis. Was euer heard ſuch vnexpected newes?

Meſſ. Yet *Lodowike* reuiue thy dying heart,
King *Iohn* and all his forces are conſumde.
The leſſe thou needſt the aid of *Engliſh* earles,
The leſſe thou needſt to grieue thy nauies wracke,
And follow times aduantage with ſucceſſe.

Lewis, Braue *Frenchmen* arm'd with magnanimitie,
March after *Lewis,* who will lead you on
To chaſe the Barons power that wants a head,
For *Iohn* is drown'd, and I am *Englands* King.
Though our munition and our men be loſt,
Philip of *Fraunce* will ſend vs freſh ſupplies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Friars laying a Cloth.

Friar. Diſpatch diſpatch, the King deſires to eate,
Would a might eat his laſt for the loue he beares to church men.

Friar. I am of thy mind too, and ſo it ſhould be and we might be our own caruers.
I maruell why they dine here in the Orchard.

Friar. I know not, nor I care not. The King comes.

K. Iohn. Come on Lord Abbot, ſhall we ſit together?

Abb. Pleaſeth your Grace ſit downe.

K. Iohn. Take your places, ſirs, no pomp in penury, all beggers and friends may come, where Neceſſitie keeps the houſe, curteſie is barr'd the table, ſit downe *Philip.*

Phil. My Lord, I am loth to allude ſo much to the prouerb, honors change maners: a king is a king, though fortune do her worſt, and we as dutifull in deſpite of her frown, as if your highnes were now in the higheſt tipe of dignitie.

K. Iohn. Come, no more adoe, and you tell mee much of dignity, you'l marre my appetite in a ſurfet of ſorrow. What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks ye frown like an hoſt that knows his gueſt hath no money to pay the reckning?

Abb. No my liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine ſo mighty a gueſt as your maieſtie.

Phil. I thinke rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my laſt being here, when I went in progreſſe for powches, and the rancour of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to ſhew he hath not forgot me.

Abb. Not ſo my Lord, you, and the meaneſt follower of his maieſty, are heartily welcome to me.

Monke. Waſſell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may ſay, welcome to *Swinſtead.*

K. Iohn. Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou waſt taſter to a King.

Monke.

Monke. As much health to your highneſſe as to mine owne heart.

K. Iohn. I pledge thee kind Monke.

Monke. The merrieſt draught that euer was drunke in *England.*

Am I not too bold with your Highneſſe?

K. Iohn. Not a whit, all friends and fellowes for a time.

Monke. If the inwards of a toad be a compound of any proofe: why ſo it workes.

K. Iohn. Stay *Philip,* where's the Monke?

Phil. He is dead my Lord.

K. Iohn. Then drinke not *Philip* for a world of wealth.

Phil. What cheere my liege? your collor gins to change.

K. Iohn. So doth my life: O *Philip,* I am poiſon'd.
The Monke, the Diuell, the poyſon gins to rage,
It will depoſe my ſelfe a King from raigne.

Phil. This Abbot hath an intereſt in this act.
At all aduentures take thou that from me.
There lie the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Diuell.
March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell.
How fares my Lord?

K. Iohn. Philip, ſome drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes,
To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
That rageth as the fornace ſeuen-fold hot,
To burne the holy three in *Babylon:*
Power after power forſake their proper power,
Only the heart impugnes with faint reſiſt
The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings.
Helpe God, O paine! die *Iohn,* O plague
Inflicted on thee for thy grieuous ſinnes.
Philip, a chaire, and by and by a graue,

My legges diſdaine the carriage of a King.
Phil. A good my liege, with patience conquer griefe,
And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.
K. Iohn. Me thinkes I ſee a catalogue of ſinne,
Wrote by a fiende in marble characters,
The leaſt enough to looſe my part in heauen.
Me thinkes the Diuell whiſpers in mine eares,
And tells me, tis in vaine to hope for grace,
I muſt be damn'd for *Arthurs* ſodaine death.
I ſee, I ſee a thouſand thouſand men
Come to accuſe me for my wrong on earth,
And there is none ſo mercifull a God
That will forgiue the number of my ſinnes.
How haue I liu'd, but by anothers loſſe?
What haue I lou'd, but wracke of others weale?
When haue I vow'd, and not infring'd mine oath?
Where haue I done a deede deſeruing well?
How, what, when, and where, haue I beſtow'd a day,
That tended not to ſome notorious ill.
My life repleate with rage and tyrannie,
Craues little pittie for ſo ſtrange a death.
Or, who will ſay that *Iohn* deceaſde too ſoone?
Who will not ſay, he rather liu'd too long?
Diſhonour did attaint me in my life,
And ſhame attendeth *Iohn* vnto his death.
Why did I ſcape the fury of the *French*,
And dide not by the temper of their ſwords?
Shameleſſe my life, and ſhamefully it ends,
Scorn'd by my foes, diſdained of my friends.
Phil. Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,
And call on Chriſt, who is your lateſt friend.

K. Iohn

K. Iohn. My tongue doth falter: *Philip*, I tell thee man,
Since *Iohn* did yield vnto the Prieſt of *Rome*,
Nor he nor his haue proſpred on the earth:
Curſt are his bleſſings, and his curſe is bliſſe.
But in the ſpirit I crie vnto my God,
As did the kingly prophet *Dauid* cry,
(Whoſe hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
I am not he ſhall build the Lord a houſe,
Or roote theſe locuſts from the face of earth:
But if my dying heart deceiue me not,
From out theſe loynes ſhall ſpring a kingly braunch
Whoſe armes ſhall reach vnto the gates of *Rome*,
And with his feete treade downe the Strumpets pride,
That ſits upon the chaire of *Babylon*.
Philip, my heart ſtrings breake, the poyſons flame
Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,
And in the faith of Ieſu *Iohn* doth die.

Philip. See how he ſtriues for life, vnhappy Lord,
Whoſe bowels are diuided in themſelues.
This is the fruit of Poperie, when true kings
Are ſlaine and ſhouldred out by Monkes and Friars.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Pleaſe it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,
Which all this while bare armes againſt the King,
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
Together with the Prince his Highneſſe ſonne,
Do craue to be admitted to the preſence of the King.

Philip. Your Sonne, my Lord, yong *Henry* craues to ſee
Your Maieſtie, and brings with him beſide
The Barons that reuolted from your Grace.

O piercing ſight, he ſumbleth in the mouth,
His ſpeech doth faile: liſt vp your ſelfe my Lord,
And ſee the Prince to comfort you in death.

Enter Pandulph, *yong* Henry, *the Barons with daggers in their hands.*

Prince Henry. O let me ſee my father ere he die:
O vncle, were you here, and ſuffred him
To be thus poyſned by a damned Monke?
Ah he is dead, Father, ſweet Father ſpeake.

Phil. His ſpeach doth faile, he hafteth to his end.

Pand. Lords, giue me leaue to ioy the dying King,
With ſight of theſe his Nobles kneeling here
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp
Their liues for ranſome of their foul offence.
Then good my Lord, if you forgiue them all,
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.

Saliſb. We humbly thanke your royall Maieſtie,
And vow to fight for *England* and her King:
And in the ſight of *Iohn* our ſoueraigne Lord,
In ſpite of *Lewis* and the power of *Fraunce*,
Who hitherward are marching in all haſte,
We crowne yong *Henry* in his fathers ſted.

Prince Henry. Help, help, he dies; ah father! looke on mee.

Pand. K. *Iohn*, farewell: in token of thy faith,
And ſigne thou dieſt the ſeruant of the Lord,
Lift vp thy hand, that we may witneſſe here,
Thou diedſt the ſeruant of our Sauiour Chriſt.
Now ioy betide thy ſoule: what noiſe is this?

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hitherward
With Enſignes of defiance in the winde,
And all our armie ſtandeth at a gaze,
Expecting what their Leaders will commaund.
Phil. Let's arme our ſelues in yong K. *Henries* right,
And beate the power of *Fraunce* to ſea againe.
Pand. Philip not ſo, but I will to the Prince,
And bring him face to face to parley with you.
Phil. Lord *Saliſbury*, your ſelfe ſhall march with me,
So ſhall we bring theſe troubles to an end.
King Henry. Sweet vncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,
Let not a ſtone of *Swinſtead* Abbey ſtand,
But pull the houſe about the Friars eares:
For they haue kill'd my Father and my King. [*Exeunt.*

A Parley ſounded, Lewis, Pandulph, Saliſbury, *&c.*

Pand. Lewis of *Fraunce*, yong *Henry*, *Englands* King
Requires to know the reaſon of the claime
That thou canſt make to any thing of his.
King *Iohn* that did offend, is dead and gone,
See where his breathleſſe trunke in preſence lies,
And he as heire apparant to the crowne
Is now ſucceeded in his Fathers roome.

Re-enter Henry *and the Barons.*

King Henry. Lewis, what law of armes doth leade thee thus,
To keepe poſſeſſion of my lawfull right?
Anſwere; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,

And

And make ſurrender of my right againe,
Or trie thy title with the dint of ſword:
I tell thee Dolphin, *Henry* feares thee not.
For now the Barons cleaue vnto their King,
And what thou haſt in *England* they did get.
Lewis. *Henry* of *England*, now that *Iohn* is dead,
That was the chiefeſt enemie to *Fraunce*,
I may the rather be inducde to peace.
But *Saliſbury*, and you Barons of the Realme,
This ſtrange reuolt agrees not with the oath
That you on *Bury* Altare lately ſware.
Saliſb. Nor did the oath your Highneſſe there did take
Agree with th' honour of the Prince of *Fraunce*,
Phil. My Lord, what anſwer make you to the King?
Dolphin. Faith *Philip* this I ſay: It bootes not me.
Nor any Prince nor power of *Chriſtendome*
To ſeeke to win this Iland *Albion*,
Vnleſſe he haue a partie in the Realme
By treaſon for to helſ him in his warres.
The Peeres which were the partie on my ſide
Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
I am contented to depart the Realme.
K. Henry. On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?
Lewis. That ſhall we thinke vpon by more aduice.
Phil. Then Kings and Princes, let theſe broils haue end,
And at more leiſure talke vpon the League.
Meane while to *Worſter* let vs beare the King,
And there interre his bodie, as beſeemes,
But firſt, in ſight of *Lewis* heire of *Fraunce*,
Lords take the Crowne, and ſet it on his head,
That by ſucceſſion is our lawfull King.

They,

They crowne yong Henry.

Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henries* raigne,
And bloodie warres are cloſde with happie league.
Let *England* liue but true within itſelfe,
And all the world can neuer wrong her State:
Lewis, thou ſhalt be brauely ſhipt to *Fraunce*,
For neuer *Frenchman* got of *Engliſh* ground
The twentieth part that thou haſt conquered.
Dolphin, thy hand; to *Worſter* we will march:
Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne
With obſequies of honour to his graue:
If *Englands* Peeres and people ioyne in one,
Nor Pope, nor *Fraunce*, nor *Spaine* can do them wrong.

THE

THE

METAMORPHOSIS

OF

PIGMALIONS IMAGE.

AND

Certaine SATYRES.

By IOHN MARSTON.

AT LONDON,
Printed for Edmond Matts; and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the hand and Plough in Fleetſtreete.
1598.
Reprinted 1764.

TO THE

WORLDS MIGHTIE MONARCH,

GOOD OPINION:

Sole Regent of Affection, perpetuall Ruler of Iudgement, moſt famous Iuſtice of Cenſures, only giuer of Honor, great procurer of Aduancement, the Worlds chiefe Ballance, the All of all, and All in all, by whom all things are yet that they are. I humbly offer thys my Poem.

THou ſoule of Pleaſure, Honors only ſubſtance,
Great Arbitrator, Umpire of the Earth,
Whom fleſhly Epicures call Vertues eſſence,
Thou mooving Orator, whoſe powrefull breath
Swaies all mens iudgements. Great OPINION,
Vouchſafe to guild my imperfection.

If thou but daine to grace my bluſhing ſtile,
And crowne my Muſe with good opinion:
If thou vouchſafe with gracious eye to ſmile
Vpon my young new-born Inuention,
Ile ſing an Hymne in honour of thy name,
And add ſome Trophie to enlarge thy fame.

But if thou wilt not with thy Deitie
Shade, and inmaſke the errors of my pen,
Protect an Orphane Poets infancie,
I will diſcloſe, that all the world ſhall ken
How partiall thou art in Honors giuing:
Crowning the ſhade, the ſubſtance praiſe de-
priuing.

W. K.

THE

THE

ARGUMENT

Of the POEM.

PIGMALION whoſe chaſt mind all the beauties in Cyprus could not enſnare, yet at the length hauing carued in Iuorie an excellent proportion of a beauteous woman, was ſo deeplie enamored on his owne workmanſhip, that he would oftentimes lay the Image in bedde with him, and fondlie vſe ſuch petitions and dalliance, as if it had been a breathing creature. But in the end, finding his fond dotage, and yet perſeuering in his ardent affection, made his deuout prayers to *Venus*, that ſhe would vouchſafe to enſpire life into his Loue, and then ioyne them both toge-

ther in marriage. Whereupon *Venus* graciously condiscending to his earnest sute, the Mayde, (by the power of her Deitie) was metamorphosed into a liuing Woman. And After, *Pigmalion* (beeing in Cyprus,) begat a sonne of her, which was called *Paphus*; whereupon, that Iland Cyprus, in honor of *Venus*, was after, and is now, called by the inhabitants, *Paphos*.

To his MISTRES.

MY wanton Muſe laſciuiouſly doth ſing
Of ſportiue loue, of lowely dallying.
O beauteous Angell, daine thou to infuſe
A ſprightly wit, into my dulled Muſe.
I inuocate none other Saint but thee,
To grace the firſt bloomes of my Poeſie.
Thy fauours like Promethean *ſacred fire,*
In dead, and dull conceit can life inſpire.
Or like that rare and rich Elixar ſtone,
Can turn to gold, leaden inuention:
Be gracious then, and daine to ſhow in mee,
The mighty power of thy Deitie.
And as thou read'ſt, (Faire) take compaſſion,
Force me not enuie my Pigmalion.
Then when thy kindnes grants me ſuch ſweet bliſſe,
Be gladly write thy metamorphoſis.

PIGMALION.

I.

PIGMALION, whose hie loue-hating minde
Disdain'd to yeeld seruile affection,
Or amorous fute to any woman-kinde,
Knowing their wants, and mens perfection.
Yet loue at length forc'd him to know his fate,
And loue the shade, whose substance he did hate.

II.

For hauing wrought in pureſt Iuorie,
So faire an Image of a Woman's feature,
That neuer yet proudeſt mortalitie
Could shew so rare and beautious a creature.
(Vnleſſe my Miſtres all-excelling face,
Which giues to beautie, beauties onely grace.)

III.

He was amazed at the wondrous rareneſſe
Of his owne workmanships perfection.

He

He thought that Nature nere produc'd ſuch fairenes
In which all beauties haue their mantion.
And thus admiring, was enamored
On that fayre Image himſelfe portraied.

IV.

And naked as it ſtood before his eyes,
Imperious Loue declares his Deitie.
O what alluring beauties he deſcries
In each part of his faire imagery!
Her nakednes, each beauteous ſhape containes;
All beautie in her nakednes remaines.

V.

He thought he ſaw the blood run through the vaine
And leape, and ſwell with all alluring meanes:
Then feares he is deceiu'd, and then againe,
He thinkes he ſee'th the brightnes of the beames
Which ſhoote from out the fairenes of her eye:
At which he ſtands as in an extaſie.

VI.

Her amber-coloured, her ſhining haire,
Makes him proteſt, the Sunne hath ſpread her head
With golden beames, to make her farre more faire.
But when her cheeks his amorous thoughts haue fed,
Then he exclaimes, ſuch redde and ſo pure white,
Did neuer bleſſe the eye of mortal ſight.

Then

VII.

Then view's her lips, no lips did ſeeme ſo faire
In his conceit, through which he thinks doth flie
So ſweet a breath, that doth perfume the ayre.
Then next her dimpled chin he doth diſcry,
And views, and wonders, and yet views her ſtill.
"Loues eyes in viewing neuer haue their fill."

VIII.

Her breaſts, like poliſht Iuory appeare,
Whoſe modeſt mount, doe bleſſe admiring eye,
And makes him wiſh for ſuch a Pillowbeare.
Thus fond *Pigmalion* ſtriueth to diſcry
Each beauteous part, not letting ouer-ſlip
One parcell of his curious workmanſhip.

IX.

Vntill his eye diſcended ſo farre downe
That it diſcried Loues pauillion:
Where *Cupid* doth enioy his onely crowne,
And *Venus* hath her chiefeſt mantion:
There would he winke, and winking looke againe,
Both eyes and thoughts would gladly there remaine.

X.

Who euer ſaw the ſubtile Citty-dame
In ſacred church, when her pure thoughts ſhold pray,

Peire

Peire through her fingers, ſo to hide her ſhame,
When that her eye, her mind would faine bewray.
So would he view, and winke, and view againe,
A chaſter thought could not his eyes retaine.

XI.

He wondred that ſhe bluſht not when his eye
Saluted thoſe ſame parts of ſecrecie:
Conceiting not it was imagerie
That kindly yeelded that large libertie.
O that my Miſtres were an Image too,
That I might blameles her perfections view.

XII.

But when the faire proportion of her thigh
Began appeare. O *Ouid* would he cry,
Did ere *Corinna* ſhow ſuch Iuorie
When ſhe appeared in *Venus* liuorie?
And thus enamour'd dotes on his owne Art
Which he did work, to work his pleaſing ſmart.

XIII.

And fondly doting, oft he kiſt her lip:
Oft would he dally with her Iuory breaſts.
No wanton loue-trick would he ouer-ſlip,
But ſtill obſeru'd all amorous beheaſts.
Whereby he thought he might procure the loue
Of his dull Image, which no plaints coulde moue.

Looke

XIV.

Looke how the peeuiſh Papiſts crouch and kneele,
To ſome dum Idoll with their offering,
As if a ſenceleſs carued ſtone could feele
The ardor of his bootles chattering:
So fond he was, and earneſt in his ſute
To his remorſles Image, dum and mute.

XV.

He oft doth wiſh his ſoule might part in ſunder
So that one halfe in her had reſidence:
Oft he exclaimes, O beauties onely wonder!
Sweet modell of delight, faire excellence,
Be gracious vnto him that formed thee,
Compaſſionate his true-loues ardencie.

XVI.

She with her ſilence ſeemes to graunt his ſute.
Then he all iocund like a wanton louer,
With amorous embracements doth ſalute
Her ſlender waſt, preſuming to diſcouer
The vale of Loue, where *Cupid* doth delight
To ſport, and dally all the ſable night.

XVII.

His eyes, her eyes, kindly encountered,
His breaſt, her breaſt, oft ioyned cloſe vnto,
His armes embracements oft ſhe ſuffered,
Hands, armes, eyes, tongue, lips, and all parts did woe.
His thigh, with hers, his knee playd with her knee,
A happy conſort when all parts agree.

But

XVIII.

But when he ſaw poor ſoule he was deceaued,
(Yet ſcarce he could beleeue his ſence had failed)
Yet when he found all hope from him bereaued,
And ſaw how fondly all his thoughts had erred,
Then did he like to poor *Ixiom* ſeeme,
That clipt a cloud in ſteede of heauens Queene.

XIX.

I oft haue ſmil'd to ſee the foolery
Of ſome ſweet Youths, who ſeriouſly proteſt
That loue reſpects not actual Luxury,
But onely ioys to dally, ſport, and ieſt:
Loue is a child, contented with a toy,
A buſk-point, or ſome fauour ſtill's the boy.

XX.

Marke my *Pigmalion*, whoſe affections ardor
May be a mirror to poſteritie.
Yet viewing, touching, kiſſing, (common fauour)
Could neuer ſatiat his lones ardencie:
And therefore Ladies, thinke that they were loue you,
Who do not vnto more than kiſſing moue you.

XXI.

For *Pigmalion* kiſt, viewd, and imbraced,
And yet exclaimes, why were theſe women made
O ſacred Gods! and with ſuch beauties graced?
Haue they not power as well to coole, and ſhade,
As for to heate mens harts? or is there none
Or are they all like mine? relentleſſe ſtone.

With

XXII.

With that he takes her in his louing armes,
And downe within a Downe-bed ſoftly layd her.
Then on his knees he all his ſences charmes,
To inuocate ſweet *Venus* for to raiſe her
To wiſhed life, and to infuſe ſome breath,
To that which dead, yet gaue a life to death.

XXIII.

Thou ſacred Queene of ſportiue dallying,
(Thus he begins) Loues onely Empereſſe,
Whoſe kingdome reſts in wanton reuelling,
Let me beſeech thee ſhew thy powerfullneſſe
In changing ſtone to fleſh, make her relent,
And kindly yeeld to thy ſweet blandiſhment.

XXIV.

O gracious Gods, take compaſſion.
Inſtill into her ſome celeſtiall fire,
That ſhe may equalize affection,
And haue a mutuall loue, and loues deſire.
Thou know'ſt the force of loue, then pitty me,
Compaſſionate my true loues ardencie.

XXV.

Thus hauing ſaid, he riſeth from the floore,
As if his ſoule diuined him good fortune,

Hoping his prayers to pitty moou'd ſome power.
For all his thoughts did all good luck importune.
And therefore ſtraight he ſtrips him naked quite,
That in the bedde he might haue more delight.

XXVI.

Then thus, Sweet ſheetes he ſayes, which nowe do couer,
The Idol of my ſoule, the faireſt one
That ever lou'd, or had an amorous louer.
Earths onely modell of perfection,
Sweet happy ſheetes, daine for to take me in,
That I my hopes and longing thoughts may win.

XXVII.

With that his nimble limbs doe kiſſe the ſheetes,
And now he bowes him for to lay him downe,
And now each part, with her faire parts doe meet,
Now doth he hope for to enioy loues crowne:
Now do they dally, kiſſe, embrace together,
Like *Leda's* Twins at ſight of faireſt weather.

XXVIII.

Yet all's conceit. But ſhadow of that bliſſe
Which now my Muſe ſtriues ſweetly to diſplay
In this my wondrous metamorphoſis.
Daine to beleeve me, now I ſadly ſay,
The ſtonie ſubſtance of his Image feature,
Was ſtraight transform'd into a liuing creature.

For

XXIX.

For when his hands her faire form'd limbs had felt,
And that his armes her naked waiſt imbraced,
Each part like wax before the ſun did melt,
And now, oh now, he finds how he is graced
By his owne worke. Tut, women will relent
When as they finde ſuch mouing blandiſhment.

XXX.

Doe but conceiue a Mothers paſſing gladnes,
(After that death her onely ſonne had ſeazed
And ouerwhelm'd her ſoule with endleſſe ſadnes)
When that ſhe ſees him gin for to be raiſed
From out his deadly ſwoune to life againe:
Such ioy *Pigmalion* feeles in euery vaine.

XXXI.

And yet he feares he doth but dreaming find
So rich content, and ſuch celeſtiall bliſſe.
Yet when he proues and finds her wondrous kind,
Yeelding ſoft touch for touch, ſweet kiſſe, for kiſſe,
He's well aſſur'd no faire imagery
Could yeeld ſuch pleaſing, loues felicity.

XXXII.

O wonder not to heare me thus relate,
And ſay to fleſh transformed was a ſtone.

Had I my Loue in ſuch a wiſhed ſtate
As was afforded to *Pigmalion*,
Though flinty hard, of her you ſoone ſhould ſee
As ſtrange a transformation wrought by mee.

XXXIII.

And now me thinkes ſome wanton itching eare
With luſtfull thoughts, and ill attention,
Liſt's to my Muſe, expecting for to heare
The amorous deſcription of that action
Which *Venus* ſeekes, and ever doth require,
When fitnes graunts a place to pleaſe deſire.

XXXIV.

Let him conceit but what himſelfe would doe
When that he obtayned ſuch a fauour,
Of her to whom his thoughts were bound vnto,
If ſhe, in recompence of his loues labour,
Would daine to let one payre of ſheets containe
The willing bodies of thoſe louing twaine.

XXXV.

Could he, oh could he, when that each to eyther
Did yeeld kind kiſſing, and more kind embracing,
Could he when that they felt, and clip't together
And might enioy the life of dallying,
Could he abſtaine mid'ſt ſuch a wanton ſporting
From doing that, which is not fit reporting?

What

XXXVI.

What would he doe when that her ſofteſt ſkin
Saluted his with a delightfull kiſſe?
When all things fit for loues ſweet pleaſuring
Inuited him to reape a Louers bliſſe?
What he would doe, the ſelfe ſame action
Was not neglected by *Pigmalion*.

XXXVII.

For when he found that life had tooke his ſeate
Within the breaſt of his kind beauteous loue,
When that he found that warmth, and wiſhed heate
Which might a Saint and coldeſt ſpirit moue,
Then arms, eyes, hands, tong, lips, and wanton thigh,
Were willing agents in Loues luxurie.

XXXVIII.

Who knowes not what enſues? O pardon me,
Yee gaping ears that ſwallow vp my lines
Expect no more. Peace idle Poeſie,
Be not obſceane though wanton in thy rimes.
And chaſter thoughts, pardon if I doe trip,
Or if ſome looſe lines from my pen do ſlip.

XXXIX.

Let this ſuffice, that that ſame happy night
So gracious were the Gods of marriage

Mid'ſt all there pleaſing and long wiſh'd delight
Paphus was got: of whom in after age
Cyprus was *Paphos* call'd, and euermore
Thoſe Ilandars do *Venus* name adore.

The

The AUTHOR in prayſe of his precedent Poem.

NOW *Rufus*, by old *Glebrons* fearfull mace
Hath not my Muſe deſeru'd a worthy place?
Come come *Luxurio*, crowne my head with Bayes,
Which like a Paphian, wantonly diſplayes
The Salaminian titilations,
Which tickle vp our leud Priapians.
Is not my pen compleate? are not my lines
Right in the ſwaggering humour of theſe times?
O ſing *Peana* to my learned Muſe,
Io bis dicite. Wilt thou refuſe?
Doe not I put my Miſtres in before?
And pitiouſly her gracious ayde implore?
Doe not I flatter, call her wondrous faire?
Vertuous, diuine moſt debonaire?
Hath not my Goddeſſe in the vaunt-gard place,
The leading of my lines theyr plumes to grace?
And then enſues my ſtanzaes, like odd bands
Of voluntaries, and mercenarians:
Which like Soldados of our warlike age,
March rich bedight in warlike equipage:
Glittering in dawbed lac'd accouſtrements,
And pleaſing ſutes of loues habiliments.
Yet puffie as Dutch hoſe they are within,
Faint, and white liuer'd, as our gallants bin:

Patch'd

Patch'd like a beggars cloake, and run as ſweet
As doth a tumbrell in the paued ſtreet.
And in the end, (the end of loue I wot)
Pigmalion hath a iolly boy begot.
So *Labeo* did complaine his loue was ſtone,
Obdurate, flinty, ſo relentleſſe none:
Yet *Lynceus* knowes, that in the end of this,
He wrought as ſtrange a metamorphoſis.
Ends not my Poem then ſurpaſſing ill?
Come, come, *Auguſtus*, crowne my laureat quill.
Now by the whyps of *Epigramatiſts*,
Ile not be laſht for my diſſembling ſhifts.
And therefore I vſe Popelings diſcipline,
Lay ope my faults to *Maſtigophoros* eyne:
Cenſure my ſelfe, fore others me deride
And ſcoffe at mee, as if I had deni'd
Or thought my Poem good, when that I ſee
My lines are froth, my ſtanzaes fapleſſe be.
Thus hauing rail'd againſt my ſelfe a while,
Ile ſnarle at thoſe, which doe the world begnile
With maſked ſhowes. Ye changing *Proteans* liſt,
And tremble at a barking Satyriſt.

SATYRES.

SATYRE I.

Quedam videntur, & non ſunt.

I Cannot ſhow in ſtrange proporţion,
Changing my hew like a Camelion.
But you all-canning wits, hold water out,
Yee vizarded-bifronted-*Ianian* rout.
Tell mee browne *Ruſcus*, haſt thou *Gyges* ring,
That thou preſum'ſt as if thou wert vnſeene?
If not. Why in thy wits halfe capreall
Lett'ſt thou a ſuperſcribed Letter fall?
And from thy ſelfe, vnto thy ſelfe dooſt ſend,
And in the ſame, thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe commend?
For ſhame leaue running to ſome *Satrapas*,
Leaue glauering on him in the peopled preſſe:
Holding him on as he through Paul's doth walke,
With nodds and leggs, and odde ſuperfluous talke:
Making men thinke thee gracious in his ſight,
When he eſteemes thee but a Paraſite.

For

For ſhame vnmaſke, leaue for to cloke intent,
And ſhow thou art vaine-glorious, impudent.
Come *Briſeus*, by the ſoule of Complement,
I'le not endure that with thine inſtrument
(Thy Gambo violl plac'd betwixt thy thighes,
Wherein the beſt part of thy courtſhip lyes)
Thou entertaine the time, thy Miſtres by:
Come, now let's heare thy mounting *Mercurie*,
What mum? Giue him his fiddle once againe,
Or he's more mute then a *Pythagoran*.
But oh! The abſolute *Caſtilio*,
He that can all the poynts of courtſhip ſhow.
He that can trot a Courſer, breake a ruſh,
And arm'd in proofe, dare dure a ſtrawes ſtrong puſh.
He, who on his glorious ſcutchion
Can quaintly ſhow wits *newe* inuention,
Aduauncing forth ſome thirſtie *Tantalus*,
Or els the Vulture on *Prometheus*,
With ſome ſhort motto of a dozen lines.
He that can purpoſe it in dainty rimes,
Can ſet his face, and with his eye can ſpeake,
Can dally with his Miſtres dangling ſeake,
And wiſh that he were it, to kiſſe her eye
And ſtare about her beauties deitie.
Tut, he is famous for his reueling,
For fine ſette ſpeeches, and for ſonetting;
He ſcornes the violl and the ſcraping ſticke,
And yet's but Broker of anothers wit.
Certes if all things were well knowne and view'd
He doth but champe that which another chew'd.
Come come *Caſtilion*, ſkim thy poſſet curd,
Show thy queere ſubſtance, worthleſſe, moſt abſurd.

Take

Take ceremonius complement from thee,
Alas, I ſee *Caſtilios* beggery.
O if *Democritus* were now aliue
How he would laugh to ſee this deuill thriue!
And by an holy ſemblance bleare mens eyes
When he intends ſome damned villanies.
Ixion makes faire weather vnto *Ioue*,
That he might make foule worke with his faire loue,
And is right ſober in his outward ſemblance,
Demure, and modeſt in his countenance;
Applies himſelfe to great *Saturnus* ſonne,
Till *Saturns* daughter yeeldes his motion.
Night-ſhining *Phœbe* knowes what was begat,
A monſtrous Centaure, illegitimate.
Who would not chuck to ſee ſuch pleaſing ſport?
To ſee ſuch troupes of gallants ſtill reſort
Vnto *Cornutos* ſhop? What other cauſe
But chaſt *Brownetta*, *Spero* thether drawes?
Who now ſo long hath prays'd the Coughs white bill
That he hath left her ne'er a flying quill:
His meaning gain, though outward ſemblance loue,
So like a Crabfiſh *Spero* ſtill doth moue.
Laugh, laugh, to ſee the world *Democritus*
Cry like that ſtrange transformed *Tyreus*.
Now *Sorbo* with a fayned grauity
Doth fiſh for honour, and high dignity.
Nothing within, nor yet without, but beard
Which thrice he ſtrokes, before I ever heard
One wiſe graue word, to bleſſe my liſtning eare.
But marke how Good-opinion doth him reare.
See, he's in office, on his foot-cloth placed:
Now each man caps, and ſtriues for to be graced

With

With ſome rude nod of his maieſtick head,
Which all do wiſh in *Limbo* harried.
But O I greeue, that good men daine to be
Slaues unto him, that's ſlaue to villany.
Now *Sorbo* ſwels with ſelfe conceited ſence,
Thinking that men do yeeld this reuerence
Vnto his vertues: fond credulity!
Aſſe, talke of Iſis, *no man honours thee.*
Great *Tubrios* feather gallantly doth waue,
Full twenty falls doth make him wondrous braue.
Oh golden Ierkin! Royall arming coate!
Like ſhip on Sea, he on the land doth flote.
He's gone, he's ſhipt, his reſolution
Pricks (by heaven) to this action.
The poxe it doth: not long ſince I did view
The man betake him to a common ſtew.
And there (I wis) like no quaint ſtomack't man
Eates vp his armes. And warres munition
His wauing plume, falls in the Brokers cheſt.
Fie that his Oſtridge ſtomack ſhould digeſt
His Oſtridge feather: eate vp Venis-lace.
Thou that did'ſt feare to eate *Poore-Iohns* a ſpace.
Lie cloſe ye ſlaue at beaſtly luxury!
Melt and conſume in pleaſures ſurquedry.
But now, thou that did'ſt march with Spaniſh Pike before,
Come with French-pox out of that brothell dore.
The fleet's return'd. What news from *Rodio?*
Hote ſeruice, by the Lord, cries Tubrio.
Why do'ſt thou halt? *Why ſix times throgh each thigh*
Puſht with the Pike of the hote enemie.
Hote ſeruice, hote, the Spaniard is a man,
I ſay no more, and as a Gentleman

I ſerued

I ſerued in his face. Farwell. Adew.
Welcome from Netherland, from ſtreaming ſtew.
Aſſe to thy crib, doffe that huge Lyons ſkin,
Or els the Owle will hoote and driue thee in.
For ſhame, for ſhame, lew'd liuing *Fubrio*
Preſume not troupe among that gallant crue
Of true Heroike ſpirits, come vncaſe,
Show vs the true forme of *Dametas* face.
Hence, hence ye ſlaue, diſſemble not thy ſtate
But hence-forth be a turne-coate, runnagate.
Oh hold my ſides, that I may breake my ſpleene,
With laughter at the ſhadowes I haue ſeene.
Yet I can beare with *Curios* nimble feete
Saluting me with capers in the ſtreete,
Although in open view, and peoples face,
He fronts me with ſome ſpruce, neat, ſinquepace.
Or *Tullus*, though when ere he me eſpies
Straight with loud mouth *(a bandy Sir)* he cries,
Or *Robrus*, who adic't to nimble fence,
Still greetes me with Stockadoes violence.
Theſe I doe beare, becauſe I too well know
They are the ſame, they ſeeme in outward ſhow.
But all confuſion ſeuer from mine eye
This Ianian-bifront hypocriſie.

SATYRE II.

Quædam ſunt, & non videntur.

I That euen now liſp'd like an Amoriſt,
Am turn'd into a ſnaphaunce Satyriſt.
O tytle, which my iudgement doth adore!
But I dull-ſprighted fat Boetian Boore,
Doe farre off honour that Cenſorian ſeate.
But if I could in milk-white robes intreate
Plebieans favour, I would ſhew to be
Tribunus plebis, gainſt the villany
Of theſe ſame *Proteans*, whoſe hipocriſie,
Doth ſtill abuſe our fond credulity.
But ſince my ſelfe am not imaculate,
But many ſpots my minde doth vitiate,
I'le leaue the white roabe, and the biting rimes
Vnto our moderne Satyres ſharpeſt lines;
Whoſe hungry fangs ſnarle at ſome ſecret ſinne.
And in ſuch pitchy clouds enwrapped beene
His *Sphinxian* ridles, that old *Oedipus*
Would be amaz'd and take it in foule ſnuſs
That ſuch *Cymerian* darknes ſhould inuolue
A quaint conceit, that he could not reſolue.
O darknes palpable! Egipts black night!
My wit is ſtricken blind, hath loſt his ſight.
My ſhins are broke, with groping for ſome fence
To know to what his words haue reference.

Certes

Certes *(sunt)* but *(non videntur)* that I know.
Reach me some Poets Index that will show.
Imagines Deorum. Booke of Epithites,
Natales Comes, thou I know recites,
And mak'st Anatomie of Poesie.
Helpe to unmaske the Satyres secresie.
Delphick *Apollo,* ayde me to vnrip,
These intricate deepe Oracles of wit.
These darke Enigmaes, and strange ridling sence
Which passe my dullard braines intelligence.
Fie on my senceles pate; Now I can show
Thou writest that which I, nor thou, doo'st know.
Who would imagine that such squint-ey'd sight
Could strike the worlds deformities so right.
But take heede *Pallas,* least thou ayme awry
Loue, nor yet Hate, had ere true iudging eye.
Who would once dreame that that same Elegie,
That faire fram'd peece of sweetest Poesie,
Which *Muto* put betwixt his Mistris paps,
(When he (quick-witted) call'd her *Cruell Chaps,*
And told her, there she might his dolors read
Which she, oh she, vpon his hart had spread)
Was penn'd by *Roscio* the Tragedian?
Yet *Muto,* like a good *Vulcanian,*
An honest Cuckold, calls the bastard sonne,
And brags of that which others for him done.
Satyre thou lyest, for that same Elegie
Is Mutos *owne, his owne deere Poesie:*
Why tis his owne, and deare, for he did pay
Ten crownes for it, as I heard *Roscius* say.
Who would imagine yonder sober man,
That same deuout meale-mouth'd Precisean,

That cries *good brother, kind ſiſter*, makes a duck,
After the Antique grace, can alwayes pluck
A ſacred booke, out of his ciuill hoſe,
And at th'op'ning, and at our ſtomacks cloſe
Sayes with a turn'd-vp eye a ſolemne grace
Of halfe an houre, then with ſilken face
Smiles on the holy crue, and then doth cry.
O manners! O times of impurity!
With that depaints a church reformed ſtate,
The which the female tongues magnificate;
Becauſe that *Platoes* odd opinion,
Of all things *(common)* hath ſtrong motion
In their weake minds. Who thinks that this good man
Is a vile, ſober, damn'd, Polititian?
Not I, till with his baite of purity
He bit me ſore in deepeſt vſury.
No Iew, no Turke, woulde vſe a Chriſtian
So inhumanely as this Puritan.
Diomedes Iades were not ſo beſtiall,
As this ſame ſeeming-ſaint, vile Cannibali.
Take heede O world, take heede aduiſedly
Of theſe ſame damned Anthropophagy.
I had rather be within a Harpies clawes
Then truſt my ſelfe in their deuouring iawes.
Who all confuſion to the world would bring
Vnder the forme of their new diſcipline.
O I could ſay, *Briareus* hundred hands
Were not ſo ready to bring *Ioue* in bands
As theſe to ſet endles contentious ſtriſe
Betwixt *Iehoua*, and his ſacred wife.
But ſee who's yonder, true Humility
The perfect image of faire Curtiſie.

See

See, he doth daine to be in ſeruitude
Where he hath no promotions liuelihood.
Marke, he doth curtſie, and ſalutes a block,
Will ſeeme to wonder at a weathercock,
Trenchmore with Apes, play muſick to an Owle,
Bleſſe his ſweet honours running braſell bowle:
Cries *(brauly broake)* when that his Lordſhip miſt,
And is of all the thrunged ſcaffold hiſt.
O is not this a curteous minded man?
No foole, no, a damn'd Macheuelian:
Holds candle to the deuill for a while,
That he the better may the world beguile
That's fed with ſhows, He hopes thogh ſom repine,
When ſunne is ſet, the leſſer ſtarres will ſhine:
He is within a haughty malecontent,
Though he doe uſe ſuch humble blandiſhment:
But bold-fac'd Satyre, ſtraine not ouer hie,
But laugh and chuck at meaner gullery.
In fayth yon is a well fac'd Gentleman,
See how he paceth like a Ciprian:
Faire Amber treſſes of the faireſt haire
That ere were waued by our London aire,
Rich laced ſuit, all ſpruce, all neat in truth.
Ho *Linceus!* What's yonder briſk neat youth
Bout whom yon troupe of Gallants flocken ſo?
And now together to *Brownes* common goe?
Thou knowſt I am ſure, for thou canſt caſt thine eie
Through nine mud wals, or els old Poets lie.
Tis looſe legd Lais, *that fame common Drab,*
For whom good Tubrio *tooke the mortall ſtab.*
Ha ha, Nay then I'le neuer raile at thoſe
That weare a codpis, thereby to diſcloſe

What ſexe they are, ſince ſtrumpets breeches vſe,
And all mens eyes ſaue *Linceus* can abuſe.
Nay ſteed of ſhadow, lay the ſubſtance out,
Or els fair *Briſeus* I ſhall ſtand in doubt
What ſex thou art, ſince ſuch Hermaphrodites
Such *Protean* ſhadowes ſo delude our ſights.
Looke, looke, with what a diſcontented grace
Bruto the trauailer doth ſadly pace
Long Weſtminſter, O civil ſeeming ſhade,
Marke his ſad colours, how demurely clad,
Staidnes it ſelfe, and *Neſtors* grauity
Are but the ſhade of his ciuility.
And now he ſighes. O *thou corrupted age,*
Which ſlight regard'ſt men of ſound carriage,
Vertue, knowledge, flie to heauen againe
Daine not mong theſe vngrateful ſots remaine.
Well, ſome tongs I know, ſome countries I haue ſeene
And yet theſe oily Snailes reſpectles beene
Of my good parts. O worthles puffie ſlaue!
Didſt thou to *Venis* goe oft els to haue,
But buy a Lute and vſe a Curtezan?
And there to liue like a Cyllenian?
And now from thence what hether do'ſt thou bring?
But ſurphulings, new paints and poyſoning,
Aretines pictures, ſome ſtrange Luxury,
And new found vſe of *Venis* venery?
What art thou but black clothes? Say *Bruto* ſay
Art any thing but only ſay array?
Which I am ſure is all thou brought'ſt from France,
Saue Naples poxe, and French-mens dalliance.
From haughty Spayne, what brought'ſt thou els beſide,
But lofty lookes, and their Lucifrian pride?

From

From Belgia what? but their deep bezeling,
Their boote-carouſe, and their Beere-buttering.
Well, then exclaime not on our age good man,
But hence poluted Neopolitan.
Now Satyre ceaſe to rub our gauled ſkinnes,
And to vnmaſke the worlds deteſted ſinnes.
Thou ſhalt as ſoone draw *Nilus* riuer dry,
As cleanſe the world from foule impietie.

SATYRE III.

Quedam & ſunt, & videntur.

NOW grim *Reproſe*, ſwell in my rough-heu'd rime,
That thou maiſt vexe the guilty of our time.
Yon is a youth, whom how can I ore ſlip,
Since he ſo iumpe doth in my maſhes hit?
He hath been longer in preparing him
Then *Terence* wench, and now behold he's ſeene.
Now after two yeeres faſt and earneſt prayer,
The faſhion change not, (leſt he ſhould diſpaire
Of euer hoording vp more faire gay clothes)
Behold at length in London ſtreets he ſhowes.
His ruffe did eate more time in neateſt ſetting
Then *Woodſtocks* worke in painfull perfecting.
It hath more doubles farre, then *Aiax* ſhield
When he gainſt Troy did furious battle weild.
Nay he doth weare an Embleme bout his neck.
For under that fayre Ruffe ſo ſprucely ſet

Appeares

Appeares a fall, a falling-band forſooth.
O dapper, rare, compleat, ſweet nittie-youth!
Ieſu Maria! How his clothes appeare
Croſt and recroſt with lace, ſure for ſome feare,
Leaſt that ſome ſpirit with a tippet Mace
Should with a gaſtly ſhow affright his face.
His hat, himſelfe, ſmall crowne and huge great brim,
Faire out-ward ſhow, and little wit within.
And all the band with feathers he doth fill,
Which is a ſigne of a fantaſtick ſtill,
As ſure, as (ſome doe tell me) euermore
A Goate doth ſtand before a brothell dore.
His clothes perfum'd, his fuſtie mouth is ayred,
His chinne new ſwept, his very cheekes are glazed.
But ho, what *Ganimede* is that doth grace
The gallants heeles. One, *who for two daies ſpace*
Is cleſely hyred. Now who dares not call
This *Æſops* crow, fond, mad, fantaſticall.
Why ſo he is, his clothes doe ſympathize,
And with his inward ſpirit humorize.
An open Aſſe, that is not yet ſo wiſe
As his derided fondnes to diſguiſe.
Why thou art Bedlam mad, ſtarke lunaticke,
And glori'ſt to be counted a fantaſtick.
Thou neyther art, nor yet will ſeeme to be
Heire to ſome vertuous praiſed qualitie.
O frantick men! that thinke all villanie
The complete honors of Nobilitie.
When ſome damn'd vice, ſome ſtrange miſhapen ſute,
Make youths eſteeme themſelues in hie repute.
O age! in which our gallants boaſt to be
Slaues vnto riot, and rude luxury!

Nay,

Nay, when they bluſh, and thinke an honeſt act
Dooth their ſuppoſed vertues maculate!
Bedlame, Frenzie, Madnes, Lunacie,
I challenge all your moody Empery
Once to produce a more diſtracted man
Then is inamorato *Lucian*.
For when my cares receau'd a fearefull ſound
That he was ſicke, I went, and there I found
Him layde of loue, and newly brought to bed
Of monſtrous folly, and a franticke head.
His chamber hang'd about with Elegies,
With ſad complaints of his loues miſeries:
His windows ſtrow'd with Sonnets, and the glaſſe
Drawne full of loue-knots. I approacht the Aſſe,
And ſtraight he weepes, and ſighes ſome ſonnet out
To his faire loue! And then he goes about
For to perfume her rare perfection
With ſome ſweet-ſmelling pinck Epitheton.
Then with a melting looke he writhes his head,
And ſtraight in paſſion riſeth in his bed;
And hauing kiſt his hand, ſtroke up his haire,
Made a French conge, cryes, *O cruell feare*
To the antique Bed-poſt. I laught a maine
That down my cheeks the mirthfull drops did raine.
Well hee's no *Janus*, but ſubſtantiall,
In ſhow, and eſſence a good naturall.
When as thou hear'ſt me take ſpruce *Ducus*
From whence he comes. And he ſtraight anſwers vs,
From Lady *Lilla*. And is going ſtraight
To the Counteſſe of ( ) for ſhe doth waite
His comming. And will ſurely ſend her Coach,
Vnleſſe he make the ſpeedier approach.

Art

Art not thou ready for to breake thy ſpleene
At laughing at the fondneſs thou haſt ſeene
In this vaine-glorious foole? When thou doſt know
He neuer durſt vnto theſe Ladies ſhow
His pippin face. Well, he's no accident,
But reall, reall, ſhameleſſe, impudent.
And yet he boaſts, and wonders that each man
Can call him by his name, ſweet *Ducan:*
And is right proude that thus his name is knowne.
I *Duceus*, I, thy name is too farre blowne.
The world too much, thy ſelfe too little know'ſt
Thy priuate ſelfe. Why then ſhould *Duceus* boaſt?
But humble Satyre, wilt thou daine diſplay
Theſe open naggs, which purblind eyes bewray?
Come, come, and ſnarle more darke at ſecrete ſin,
Which in ſuch Laborinths enwrapped bin,
That *Ariadne* I muſt craue thy ayde
To helpe me finde where this foul monſter's layd,
Then will I driue the Minotaure from vs,
And ſeeme to be a ſecond *Theſeus.*

SATYRE IV.

REACTIO.

NOW doth *Ramuſia Adraſtian*,
Daughter of Night, and of the Ocean
Prouoke my pen. What cold *Saturnian*
Can hold, and heare ſuch vile detraction?
Yee Pines of Ida, ſhake your faire growne height,
For *Ioue* at firſt daſh will with thunder fight.

Yee

Yee Cedars bend, fore lightning you diſmay,
Ye Lyons tremble, for an Aſſe doth bray.
Who cannot raile? what dog but dare to barke
Gainſt *Phœbes* brightnes in the ſilent darke?
What ſtinking Scauenger (if ſo he will
Though ſtreets be fayre,) but may right eaſily fill,
His dungy tumbrel? ſweep, pare, waſh, make cleane,
Yet from your fairnes he ſome durt can gleane.
The windie-chollicke ſtriu'd to haue ſome vent,
And now tis flowne, and now his rage is ſpent.
So haue I ſeene the fuming waues to fret,
And in the end, naught but white ſoame beget.
So haue I ſeene the ſullen clowdes to cry,
And weepe for anger that the earth was dry
After theyr ſpight, that all the haile-ſhot drops
Could neuer peirce the chriſtiall water tops,
And neuer yet could worke her more diſgrace
But onely bubble quiet *Thetis* face.
Vaine enuious detractor from the good
What *Cynicke* ſpirit rageth in thy blood?
Cannot a poore miſtaken title ſcape
But thou muſt that into thy Tumbrell ſcrape?
Cannot ſome lewd, immodeſt beaſtlines
Lurke, and lie hid in iuſt forgetfulnes,
But *Grillus* ſubtile-ſmelling ſwiniſh ſnout
Muſt ſent, and grunt, and needes will finde it out?
Come daunce yee ſtumbling Satyres by his ſide
If he liſt once the Syon Muſe deride.
Ye *Granta's* white Nymphs come, and with you bring
Some ſillabub, whilſt he doth ſweetly ſing
Gainſt *Peters* teares, and *Maries* mouing meane,
And like a fierce enraged Boare doth ſoame

At ſacred Sonnets. O daring hardiment!
At *Bartas* ſweet *Semaines*, raile impudent
At *Hopkins*, *Sternhold*, and the *Scottiſh* King,
At all Tranſlators that do ſtriue to bring
That ſtranger language to our vulgar tongue,
Spett in thy poyſon theyr fair acts among.
Ding them all downe from faire Ieruſalem,
And mew them vp in thy deſerued Bedlem.
Shall Painims honor, their vile falſed gods
With ſprightly wits? and ſhall not we by ods
Farre, farre, more ſtriue with wits beſt quinteſſence
To adore that ſacred euer-liuing Eſſence?
Hath not ſtrong reaſon moou'd the Legiſts mind,
To ſay the fayreſt of all Natures kinde
The Prince by his prerogatiue may claime?
Why may not then our ſoules without thy blame
(Which is the beſt thing that our God did frame)
Deuote the beſt part to his ſacred Name?
And with due reuérence and deuotion
Honor his Namé with our inuention?
No, Poeſie not fit for ſuch an action,
It is defild with ſuperſtition:
It honord Baal, *therefore polute, polute,*
Unfit for ſuch a ſacred inſtitute.
So haue I heard an Heretick maintaine
The Church vnholy, where *Iehouas* Name
Is now ador'd: Becauſe he ſurely knowes
Some-times it was defil'd with Popiſh ſhowes.
The Bells profane, and not to be endur'd,
Becauſe to Popiſh rites they were inur'd.
Pure madnes peace, ceaſe to be inſolent;
And be not outward ſober, inlye impudent.

Fie

Fie inconſiderate, it greeueth me
An Academick ſhould ſo ſenceles be.
Fond Cenſurer! Why ſhould thoſe mirrors ſeeme
So vile to thee? Which better iudgements deeme
Exquiſite then, and in our poliſh'd times
May run for ſencfull tollerable lines.
What, not *mediocria firma* from thy ſpight?
But muſt thy enuious hungry fangs needs light
On *Magiſtratꝰ mirrour?* Muſt thou needs detract
And ſtriue to worke his antient honors wrack?
What, ſhall not *Reſimond*, nor *Galyon*,
Ope their ſweet lips without detraction?
But muſt our moderne *Critickes* enuious eye
Seeme thus to quote ſome groſſe deformity?
Where Art, not error ſhineth in their ſtile,
But error, and no Art doth thee beguile.
For tell me *Critick*, is not *Fiction*
The ſoule of Poeſies inuocation?
Is't not the forme, the ſpirit, and the eſſence?
The life, and the eſſentiall difference?
Which *omni*, *ſemper*, *ſoli*, doth agree
To heauenly diſcended Poeſie?
Thy wit God comfort mad Chirurgion
What, make ſo dangerous an Incision?
At firſt daſh whip away the inſtrument
Of Poets Procreation? ſie ignorant!
When as the ſoule, and vitall-blood doth reſt
And hath in *Fiction* onely intereſt?
What Satyre! ſucke the ſoule from Poeſie
And leaue him ſprites? O impiety!
Would euer any *erudite Pedant*
Seeme in his artles lines ſo inſolent?

But thus it is when pitty Priſcians
Will needs ſtep vp to be Cenſorians.
When once they can in true ſkan'd verſes frame
A braue Encomium *of good Vertues name.*
Why thus it is, when Mimick Apes will ſtriue
With Iron wedge the trunks of Oakes to riue.
But ſee, his ſpirit of detraction
Muſt nible at a glorious action.
Euge! ſome gallant ſpirit, ſome reſolued blood
Will hazard all to worke his Countries good
And to enrich his ſoule, and raiſe his name
Will boldly ſaile vnto the rich *Guiane.*
What then? muſt ſtraight ſome ſhameles Satyriſt
With odious and opprobious termes inſiſt
To blaſt ſo high reſolu'd intention
With a malignant vile detraction?
So haue I ſeene a curre dogge in the ſtreete
Piſſe gainſt the faireſt poſts he ſtill could meete.
So haue I ſeen the march wind ſtriue to fade
The faireſt hewe that Art, or Nature made.
So Enuy ſtill doth bark at cleareſt ſhine
And ſtriues to ſtaine heroick acts, deuine.
Well, I haue caſt thy water, and I ſee
Th'art ſalne to wits extreameſt pouerty,
Sure in Conſumption of the ſpritly part.
Goe vſe ſome Cordiall for to cheere thy hart:
Or els I feare that I one day ſhall ſee
Thee fall, into ſome dangerous Lethargie.
But come fond Bragart, crowne thy browes with Bay
Intrance thy ſelfe in thy ſweet extaſie.
Come, manumit thy plumie pinion,
And ſcower the ſword of Eluiſh champion,

Or

Or els vouchſafe to breathe in wax-bound quill,
And daine our longing eares with muſick fill:
Or let vs ſee thee ſome ſuch ſtanzaes frame
That thou maiſt raiſe thy vile inglorious name.
Summon the Nymphs and Driades to bring
Some rare inuention, whilſt thou dooſt ſing
So ſweet, that thou *maiſt ſhoulder from aboue*
The Eagle from the ſtaires of friendly Ioue:
And leade ſad Pluto *Captiue with thy ſong,*
Gracing thy ſelfe, that art obſcur'd ſo long.
Come ſomewhat ſay (but hang me when tis done)
Worthy of braſſe, and hoary marble ſtone;
Speake yee attentiue Swaines that heard him neuer
Will not his Paſtorals indure for euer?
Speake yee that neuer heard him ought but raile
Doe not his Poems beare a glorious ſaile?
Hath not he ſtrongly iuſtled from aboue
The Eagle from the ſtaires of friendly Ioue?
May be, may be, tut tis his modeſty,
He could if that he would, nay would if could I ſee.
Who cannot raile? and with a blaſting breath
Scorch euen the whiteſt Lillies of the earth?
Who cannot ſtumble in a ſtuttering ſtile?
And ſhallow heads with *ſeeming ſhades* beguile?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, at length to be maleuolent,
To faireſt bloomes of Vertues eminent.
Striue not to ſoile the freſheſt hewes on earth
With thy malitious and vpbraiding breath.
Enuie, let Pines of *Ida* reſt alone,
For they will growe ſpight of thy thunder ſtone,
Striue not to nible in their ſwelling graine
With toothles gums of thy detracting braine:

Eate not thy dam, but laugh and ſport with me
At ſtrangers follies with a merry glee,
Lets not maligne our kin. Then Satyriſt
I doe ſalute thee with an open fiſt.

SATYRE V.

Parua magna, magna nulla.

AMbitious *Gorgons*, wide-mouth'd *Lamians*,
Shape-changing *Proteans*, damn'd *Briarians*,
Is *Minos* dead, is *Rodamanth* a ſleepe;
That yee thus dare vnto *Iouis* Pallace creepe?
What, hath *Ramnuſia* ſpent her knotted whip?
That yee dare ſtriue on *Hebes* cup to ſip?
Yet know *Apolloes* quiuer is not ſpent
But can abate your daring hardiment.
Python is ſlaine, yet his accurſed race,
Dare looke diuine *Aſtrea* in the face:
Chaos returne, and with confuſion
Inuolue the world with ſtrange diſunion:
For *Pluto* ſits in that adored chaire
Which doth belong vnto *Minoas* heire.
O Hecatombe! O Cataſtrophe! *Hoc vſque Xilinum.*
From *Mydas* pompe, to *Irus* beggery!
Prometheus, who celeſtiall fier
Did ſteale from heauen, therewith to inſpire
Our earthly bodies with a ſence-full minde,
Whereby we might the depth of Nature find,

Is

Is ding'd to hell, and vulture eates his hart
Which did such deepe Philosophy impart
To mortall men. When theeuing *Mercury*
That euen in his new borne infancy
Stole faire *Apollos* quiuer, and *Ioues* mace,
And would haue filch'd the lightning from his place,
But that he fear'd he should haue burnt his wing
And sing'd his downy feathers new come spring;
He that in gastly shade of night doth leade
Our soules, vnto the empire of the dead.
When he that better doth deserue a rope
Is a faire planet in our Horoscope.
And now hath *Caduceus* in his hand
Of life and death that hath the sole command.
Thus petty thefts are payed, and soundly whipt,
But greater crimes are slightly ouerslipt:
Nay he's a God that can doe villany
With a good grace, and glib facility.
The harmles hunter, with a ventrous eye
When vnawares he did *Diana* spie,
Nak'd in the fountaine he became straightway
Vnto his greedy hounds a wished pray,
His owne delights taking away his breath,
And all ungratefull forc'd his fatal death.
(And euer since Hounds eate their Maisters cleane,
For so *Diana* curst them in the streame.)
When strong backt *Hercules* in one poore night
With great, great ease, and wondrous delight
In strength of lust and *Venus* surquedry
Rob'd fifty wenches of virginity.
Farre more than lusty *Laurence*, Yet poore soule
He with *Acteon* drinks of *Nemis* bole,

When *Hercules* lewd act, is registred,
And for his fruitfull labour Deified.
And had a place in heauen him assigned.
When he the world, vnto the world resigned.
Thus little scapes are deepely punished,
But mighty villanes are for Gods adored.
Ioue brought his sister to a nuptiall bed,
And hath an *Hebe*, and a *Ganemede*,
A *Leda* and a thousand more beside,
His chaste *Alomena*, and his sister bride:
Who fore his face was odiously defil'd
And by *Ixion* grosely got with child.
This thunderer, that right vertuously
Thrust forth his father from his empery
Is now the great Monarko of the earth,
Whose awfull nod, whose all commaunding breath
Shakes Europe's ground-worke §. And his title makes
As dread a noyse, as when a Canon shakes
The subtile ayre. Thus hell-bred villany
Is still rewarded with high dignity.
When *Sisyphus* that did but once reueale
That this incestious villaine had to deale
In Ile *Phliunte* with *Egina* faire,
Is damn'd to hell, in endles black displaire
Euer to reare his tumbling stone vpright
Vpon the steepy mountaines lofty height.
His stone will neuer now get greenish mosse
Since he hath thus encur'd so great a losse
As *Ioues* high fauour. But it needs must be
Whilst *Ioue* doth rule, and sway the empery

§ *Rex hominumque Deorumque.*

And

And poore *Aſtrea*'s fled into an Ile
And liues a poore and baniſhed exile:
And there pep'd vp, ſighs in her ſad lamēt,
Wearing away in pining languiſhment.
If that *Sylenus* Aſſe doe chaunce to bray,
And ſo the Satyres lewdnes doth bewray,
Let him for euer be a ſacrifice;
Pricke, ſpurre, beate, loade, for euer tyraniſe
Ouer the foole, But let ſome *Carberus*
Keepe back the wife of ſweet tongu'd *Orpheus*,
Gnato applaudes the Hound. Let that ſame child
Of Night and Sleepe, (which hath the world defil'd
With odious railing) barke gainſt all the work
Of all the Gods, and find ſome error lurke
In all the graces. Let his lauer lip
Speake in reproach of Natures workmanſhip,
Let him vpbraid faire *Venus* if he liſt
For her ſhort heele. Let him with rage inſiſt
To ſnarle at *Vulcans* maw, becauſe he was
Not made with windowes of tranſparant glas,
That all might ſee the paſſions of his mind.
Let his all-blaſting tongue great errors find
In *Pallas* houſe, becauſe if next ſhould burne
It could not from the ſodaine perill turne.
Let him vpbraide great *Iue* with luxury
Condemne the Heauens Queene of iealouſie.
Yet this ſame Stygian *Momus* muſt be prayſed
And to ſome Godhead at the leaſt be raiſed.
But if poor *Orpheus* ſing melodiouſly,
And ſtriue with muſicks ſweeteſt ſymphonie
To praiſe the Gods, and vnaduiſedly
Doe but ore-ſlip one drunken Deitie,

Forthwith

Forthwith the bouzing *Bacchus* out doth fend
His furious *Bacchides*, to be reueng'd.
And ſtraight they teare the ſweet Muſitian,
And leaue him to the dogs diuiſion.
Hebrus, beare witnes of their crueltie,
For thou did'ſt view poore *Orpheus* tragedi.
Thus ſlight neglects are deepeſt villanie,
But blaſting mouthes deſerue a deitie.
Since *Gallus* ſlept, when he was ſet to watch
Leaſt *Sol* or *Vulcan* ſhould *Mauortius* catch
In uſing *Venus*: ſince the boy did nap,
Whereby bright *Phœbus* did great *Mars* intrap.
Poore *Gallus* now, (whilom to *Mars* ſo deere)
Is turned to a crowing Chaunteclere;
And euer ſince, fore that the ſun doth ſhine,
(Leaſt *Phœbus* ſhould with his all-peircing eyne
Diſcry ſome *Vulcan*,) he doth crow full ſhrill,
That all the ayre with Ecchoes he doth fill.
Whilſt *Mars*, though all the Gods do ſee his ſin,
And know in what lewd vice he liueth in,
Yet is adored ſtill, and magnified,
And with all honors duly worſhipped.
Euge! ſmall faults to mountaines ſtraight are raiſed,
Slight ſcapes are whipt, but damned deeds are praiſed.
Fie, fie, I am deceiued all thys while,
A miſt of errors doth my ſence beguile;
I haue beene long of all my witts bereauen,
Heauen for hell taking, taking hell for heauen;
Vertue for vice, and vice for vertue ſtill,
Sower for ſweet, and good for paſſing ill.
If not? Would vice and odious villanie
Be ſtill rewarded with high dignity?

Would

Would damned *Iouians*, be of all men praiſed,
And with high honors vnto heauen raiſed?
Tis ſo, tis ſo; Riot, and Luxurie
Are vertuous, meritorious chaſtitie:
That which I thougt to be damn'd hel-borne pride
Is humble modeſtie, and nought beſide;
That which Idee med *Bacchus* ſurquedry,
Is graue, and ſtaied, civill, *Sobrietie*.
O then thrice holy age, thrice ſacred men!
Mong whom no vice a Satyre can diſcerne,
Since Luſt is turned into *Chaſtitie*,
And Riot, vnto ſad *Sobrietie*.
Nothing but goodnes raigneth in our age,
And vertues all are ioyn'd in marriage.
Heere is no dwelling for Impiety,
No habitation for baſe Villanie.
Heere are no ſubiects for *Reproofes* ſharpe vaine,
Then hence rude Satyre, make away amaine;
And ſeeke a ſeate where more Impuritie
Doth lye and lurke in ſtill ſecuritie.
Now doth my Satyre ſtagger in a doubt,
Whether to ceaſe, or els to write it out.
The ſubiect is too ſharpe for my dull quill.
Some ſonne of *Maya* ſhow thy riper ſkill.
For Ile goe turne my tub againſt the ſunne,
And wiſtly marke how higher Plannets runne,
Contemplating their hidden motion.
Then on ſome *Latmos* with *Endimion*,
I'le ſlumber out my time in diſcontent,
And neuer wake to be maleuolent,
A beedle to the worlds impuritie;
But euer ſleepe in ſtill ſecuritie.

If thys

If thys diſpleaſe the worlds wrong-iudging ſight,
It glads my ſoule, and in ſome better ſpright
I'le write againe. But if that this doe pleaſe,
Hence, hence, Satyrick Muſe, take endleſſe eaſe.
Huſh now yee Band-doggs, barke no more at me,
But let me ſlide away in ſecrecie.

EPICTETUS.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *Iames Roberts.* 1598.

THE SCOVRGE OF VILLANIE.

Three Bookes of SATYRES.

By JOHN MARSTON.

Nec ſcombros metuentia carmina, nec thus.
PERSIVS.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. Anno Dom.
1599.
Reprinted 1764.

To his most esteemed, and best beloved Selfe.

DAT DEDICATQUE.

TO

DETRACTION I preſent my POESIE.

FOule canker of faire vertuous action,
Vile blaſter of the freſheſt bloomes on earth,
Enuies abhorred childe, *Detraction*,
I here expoſe, to thy al-tainting breath,
The iſſue of my braine: ſnarle, raile, barke, bite,
Knowe that my ſpirit ſcornes *Detractions* ſpight.

Knowe that the *Genius*, which attendeth on,
And guides my powers intellectuall,
Holds in all vile repute *Detraction*,
My ſoule an eſſence metaphyſicall,
That in the baſeſt ſort ſcornes *Critickes* rage,
Becauſe he knowes his ſacred parentage.

My ſpirit is not puft vp with fatte fume
Of ſlimie Ale, nor *Bacchus* heating grape.
My minde diſdaines the dungy muddy ſcum
Of abiect thoughts, and *Enuies* raging hate.
True iudgement ſlight regards Opinion,
A ſprightly wit diſdaines Detraction.

A partiall praiſe ſhall neuer eleuate
My ſetled cenſure of my own eſteeme.
A cankered verdit of malignant hate
Shall nere prouoke me, worſe my ſelfe to deeme.
Spight of deſpight, and rancors villanie,
I am my ſelfe, ſo is my poeſie.

In Lectores prorſus indignos.

FY Satyre fie, ſhall each mechanick ſlaue,
Each dunghill peſant, free peruſall haue
Of thy well labor'd lines? Each fattin ſute,
Each quaint faſhion-monger, whoſe ſole repute
Reſts in his trim gay clothes, lie ſhanering
Tainting thy lines with his lewd cenſuring?
Shall each odde puiſne of the Lawyers Inne,
Each barmy-froth, that laſt day did beginne
To read his little, or his *nere a* tittle,
Or ſhall ſome greater auntient, of leſſe wit,
(That neuer turn'd but browne Tobacco leaues,
Whoſe ſences ſome damn'd *Occupant* bereaues)
Lye gnawing on thy vacant times expence?
Tearing thy rimes, quite altering the ſence?
Or ſhall perfum'd *Caſtilio* cenſure thee?
Shall he oreview thy ſharpe-fang'd poeſie?
(Who nere read further than his Miſtreſſe lips)
Nere practiz'd ought, but ſom ſpruce capring ſkips
Nere in his life did other language vſe,
But *ſweet Lady*, *faire Miſtris*, *kind Hart*, *deere Cuz*,
Shall this *Fantaſma*, this *Coloſſe* peruſe,
And blaſt with ſtinking breath, my budding Muſe?
Fie, wilt thou make thy wit a Curtezan
For euery broking hand-crafts artizan?
Shall brainleſſe Cyterne heads, each iolternole,
Pocket the very *Genius* of thy ſoule?
I *Phylo*, I, I'le keepe an open hall,
A common, and a ſumptuous feſtiuall.

Welcome

Welcome all eyes, all eares, all tongues to mee,
Gnaw peſants on my ſcraps of Poeſie.
Caſtilios, *Cyprians*, court-boyes, ſpaniſh blocks,
Ribanded eares, Granado-netherſtocks,
Fidlers, ſcriueners, pedlers, tynkering knaues,
Baſe blew-coates, tapſters, broad-minded ſlaues
Welcome I-faith: but may you nere depart,
Till I haue made your gauled hides to ſmart.
Your gauled hides? auaunt baſe muddy ſcum.
Thinke you a Satyres dreadful ſounding drum
Will brace itſelfe? and daine to terrifie
Such abiect peſants baſeſt roguery?
No, no, paſſe on ye vaine fantaſticke troupe
Of puffie youths; Knowe I do ſcorne to ſtoupe
To rip your liues. Then hence lewd nags away,
Goe read each poaſt, view what is plaid to day,
Then to *Priapus* gardens. You *Caſtilio*,
I pray thee let my lines in freedome goe,
Let me alone, the madams call for thee,
Longing to laugh at thy wits pouerty.
Sirra, liuorie cloake, you lazie ſlipper ſlaue,
Thou fawning drudge, what would'ſt thou Satyres haue?
Baſe mind away, thy maſter cals, be gone,
Sweet *Gnato* let my poeſie alone.
Goe buy ſome ballad of the Faiery King,
And of the begger wench, ſome roguie thing,
Which thou maiſt chaunt vnto the chamber-maid
To ſome vile tune, when that thy Maſter's laid.
But will you needs ſtay? am I forc'd to beare
The blaſting breath of each lewd cenſurer?
Muſt naught but cloths, and images of men,
But ſprightleſſe trunks, be Iudges of thy pen?

Nay then come all. I proſtitute my Muſe,
For all the ſwarmes of Idiots to abuſe.
Reade all, view all, euen with my full conſent,
So you will know that which I neuer meant;
So you will nere conceiue, and yet diſpraiſe
That which yon nere conceiu'd, and laughter raiſe
Where I but ſtriue in honeſt ſeriouſneſſe,
To ſcourge ſome ſoule-polluting beaſtlineſſe.
So you will raile, and finde huge errors lurke
In euery corner of my Cynick worke.
Proface, read on, for your extreamſt diſlikes
Will adde a pineon, to my praiſes flights.
O, how I briſtle vp my plumes of pride,
O, how I thinke my Satyres dignifi'd,
When I once heare ſome quaint *Gaſtilio*,
Some ſupple mouth'd ſlaue, ſome lewd *Fabrio*,
Some ſpruce pedant, or ſome ſpan-new come fry
Of Innes a-court, ſtriuing to vilefie
My dark reproofes. Then doe but raile at me,
No greater honour craues my poeſie.

1. But ye diuiner wits, celeſtiall ſoules, (troules,
Whoſe free borne minds no kennell thought con-
Ye ſacred ſpirits, *Mayas* eldeſt ſonnes,

2. Yee ſubſtance of the ſhadowes of our age,
In whom all graces linke in mariage,
To you how cheerefully my Poem runnes.

3. True iudging eyes, quick ſighted cenſurers,
Heauens beſt beauties, wiſdomes treaſurers,
O how my loue embraceth your great worth!

Yee

4. Yee Idoll of my ſoule, yee bleſſed ſpirits,
How ſhall I giue true honor to your merrits!
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.

You ſacred ſpirits, *Maias* eldeſt ſonnes,
To you how cheerefully my poeme runnes!
O how my loue embraceth your great worth!
Which I can better thinke, then here paint forth.
O rare!

To thoſe that ſeeme iudiciall Peruſers.

KNowe, I hate to affect too much obſcuritie and harſhneſſe, becauſe they profit no ſenſe. To note vices, ſo that no man can underſtand them, is as fond, as the French execution in picture. Yet there are ſome (too many) that thinke nothing good, that is ſo cuteous, as to come within their reach. Tearming all Satyres baſtard) which are not palpable darke, and ſo rough writ, that the hearing of them read, would ſet a mans teeth on edge. For whoſe vnſeaſoned palate I wrote the firſt Satyre, in ſome places too obſcure, in all places miſlyking me. Yet when by ſome ſcuruie chaunce it ſhall come into the late perfumed fiſt of iudiciall *Torquatus*, (that like ſome rotten ſtick in a troubled water, hath gotte a great deal of harmie froth to ſtick to his ſides) I knowe hee will vouchſafe it, ſome of his new-minted Epithets, (as *Reall, Intrinſecate, Delphicke,*) when in my conſcience hee vnderſtands not the leaſt part of it. But from hence proceedes his iudgment. *Perſius* is crabby,

becauſe auntient, and his ierkes, (being perticularly given to priuate cuſtomes of his time) duſky. *Iuuenall* (upon the like occaſion) ſeemes to our iudgement, gloomy. Yet both of them goe a good ſeemely paſe, not ſtumbling, ſhuffling. *Chaucer* is hard euen to our vnderſtandings: who knowes not the reaſon? how much more thoſe olde Satyres which expreſſe themſelues in termes, that breathed not long euen in their daies. But had wee then liued, the vnderſtanding of them had beene nothing hard. I will not deny there is a ſeemely decorum to be obſerued, and a peculiar kinde of ſpeech for a Satyres lips. which I can willinglyer conceiue, then dare to preſcribe; yet let me haue the ſubſtance rough, not the ſhadow. I cannot, nay I will not delude your ſight with miſts; yet I dare defend my plaineneſſe againſt the veriuice-face, of the Crabbedſt Satyriſt that euer ſtuttered. He that thinks worſe of my rimes then my ſelfe, I ſcorn him, for hee cannot: he that thinkes better, is a foole. So fauour me, *Good opinion*, as I am farre from being a *Suffenus*. If thou peruſeſt mee with an vnpartiall eye, reade on: if otherwiſe, I know I nether value thee, nor thy cenſure.

W. KINSAYDER.

PROEMIUM

IN

LIBRUM PRIMUM.

I Beare the ſcourge of iuſt *Rhamnuſia*,
Laſhing the lewdneſſe of *Britannia*.
Let others ſing as their good *Genius* moues,
Of deepe deſignes, or elſe of clipping loues,
Faire fall them all, that with wits induſtrie,
Doe cloath good ſubiectes in true poeſie,
But as for me, my vexed thoughtfull ſoule
Takes pleaſure in diſpleaſing ſharpe controule.
Thou nurſing Mother of faire wiſdomes lore,
Ingenuous Melancholy, I implore
Thy grape aſſiſtance: take thy gloomy ſeate.
Inthrone thee in my blood, let me intreate.
Stay his quicke iocund ſkips, and force him runne
A ſad pas't courſe, vntill my whips be done.
Daphne, vnclip thine armes from my ſad brow,
Blacke Cypreſſe crowne me, whilſt I vp doe plow
The hidden entrailes of rank villany,
Tearing the vaile from damn'd impietie.
Quake guzzell dogs, that liue on putred ſlime,
Skud from the laſhes of my yerking rime.

Marry

SATYRE I.

Fronti nulla fides.

MArry God forefend, *Martius* sweares he'le stab.
Phrigeo, feare not, thou art no lying drab.
What though dagger hack'd mouthes of his blade sweares
It slew as many as figures of yeares
Aqua fortis eate in't, or as many more,
As methodist *Musus* kill'd with Hellebore
In autumne last, yet he beares the male eye
With as smooth calme, as *Mecho* riualrie.
How ill his shape with inward forme doth hodge,
Like *Aphrogenias* ill-yok'd marriage,
Fond Physiognomer, *Complexion*
Guides not the inward disposition,
Inclines I yeild, Thou sai'st law *Iulio*,
Or *Catoes* often curst *Scatinia*
Can take no hold on simpring *Lesbia*:
True, not on her eye: yet Allom oft doth blast,
The sprouting bud that faine would longer last.
Chary *Cæsa*, right pure, or *Rhodanus*,
Yet each night drinkes in glasse Priapus.
Yon pine is faire, yet foully doth it ill
To his owne sprouts: marke, his rank drops distill
Foule Naples canker in their tender rinde.
Woe worth when trees drop in their proper kinde.
Mistagogus, what meanes this prodigy?
When *Hiedolgo* speakes 'gainst vsury,

When

When *Verres* railes 'gainſt thieues, *Mylo* doth hate
Murder, *Clodius* cuckolds, *Murius* the gate
Of ſquinting *Ianus* ſhuts? Runne beyond bound
Of *Nil vltra*, and hang me when on's found
Will be himſelfe. Had Nature turn'd our eyes
Into our proper ſelues, theſe curious ſpies
Would be aſham'd: *Flavia* would bluſh to flout,
When *Oppia* cals *Lucina* helpe her out.
If ſhe did thinke, *Lynceus* did know her ill,
How Nature Art, how Art doth Nature ſpill.
God pardon me, I often did auer
Quod gratis grata: the Aſtronomer
An honeſt man, but Ile do ſo no more,
His face deceiu'd me; but now, ſince his whore
And ſiſter are all one, his honeſtie
Shall be as bare as his Anatomie,
To which he bound his wife: O packſtaffe rimes!
Why not, when court of ſtars ſhall ſee theſe crimes?
Rods are in piſſe, I for thee *Empericke*,
That twenty graines of *Oppium* will not ſticke
To miniſter to babes. Heer's bloody daies,
When with plaine hearbes *Mutius* more men ſlaies
Then ere third *Edwards* ſword. Sooth in our age,
Mad *Coribantes* neede not to enrage
The peoples mindes. You *Ophiogine*
Of *Helleſpont*, with wrangling villanie
The ſwoln world's inly ſtung, then daine a touch,
If that your fingers can effect ſo much.
Thou ſweete Arabian *Panchaia*,
Perfume this naſtie age: ſmugge *Leſbia*:
Hath ſtinking lunges, although a ſimpring grace,
A muddy inſide, though a ſurphul'd face.

O for

O for ſome deep-ſearching *Curycean*,
To ferret out yon lewd *Cynedian*.
How now *Brutus*, what ſhape beſt pleaſeth thee?
All *Protean* formes, thy wife in venery,
At thy inforcement takes? well goe thy way,
Shee may ttansforme thee ere thy dying day.
Huſh, *Gracchus* heares; that hath retaild more lyes,
Broched more ſlaunders, done more villanies,
Then *Fabius* perpetuall golden coate
(Which might haue *Semper idem* for a mott)
Hath been at feaſts, and led the meaſuring
At Court, and in each mariage reueling.
Writ *Palephatus* comment on thoſe dreames,
That *Hylus* takes, midſt dung-pit reaking ſteames
Of *Athos* hote houſe, Gramercie modeſt ſmyle,
Chremes aſleepe, *Paphia*, ſport the while.
Lucia, new ſet thy ruffe, tut thou art pure,
Canſt thou not liſpe, *(good brother)* look demure?
Fye *Gallus*, what, a Skeptick *Pyrrhoniſt*?
When chaſt *Dictinna*, breakes the Zonelike twiſt?
Tut, hang vp *Hieroglyphickes*. Ile not faine
Wreſting my humor, from his natiue ſtraine.

SATYRE II.

Difficile eſt Satyram non ſcribere.
——— *Iuve.*

I Cannot holde, I cannot I indure
To view a big womb'd foggy clowde immure
The radiant treſſes of the quickning ſunne,
Let Cuſtards quake, my rage muſt freely runne.

Preach

Preach not the Stoickes patience to me.
I hate no man, but mens impietie.
My ſoule is vext: what power will reſiſt,
Or dares to ſtop a ſharpe ſmgd Satyriſt?
Who'le coole my rage? who'le ſtay my itching fiſt?
But I will plague and torture whom I liſt.
If that the three-fold wals of *Babilon*
Should hedge my tongue, yet I ſhould raile vpon
This fuſtie world, that now dare put in vre
To make *IEHOUA* but a couertuse,
To ſhade ranck filth. *Looſe conſcience is free,*
From all conſcience; what els hath libertie?
As't pleaſe the Thracian Boreas to blow,
So turnes our ayerie conſcience, to, and fro.
What icye *Saturniſt*, what Northerne pate,
But ſuch groſſe lewdneſſe would exaſperate?
I thinke, the blind doth ſee the flame-Gbd riſe
From ſiſters couch, each morning to the ſkies,
Glowing with luſt. Walke but in duſkie night,
With *Lynceus* eyes, and to thy piercing ſight
Diſguiſed Gods will ſhowe, in peſants ſhape,
Preſt to commit ſome execrable rape.
Here *Ioues* luſt-Pandar, *Maias* inggling ſoane,
In clownes diſguiſe, doth after milk-maids runne.
And, fore he'le looſe his brutiſh lechery,
The truls ſhall taſte ſweet Nectars ſurquedry.
There *Iunos* brat, forſakes *Neries* bed,
And like a ſwaggerer, luſt fiered,
Attended only with his ſmock-ſworne Page,
Pert *Gallus*, ſlily ſlips along, to wage

Tilting

Tilting incounters, with ſome ſpurious ſeede
Of marrow pies, and yawning Oyſters breede.
O damn'd!
Who would not ſhake a Satyres knotty rod?
When to defile the ſacred ſeate of God
Is but accounted Gentlemens diſport?
To ſnort in filth, each hower to reſort
To brothell pits; alas a veniall crime,
Nay, royall, to be laſt in *thirtith* ſlime.
Ay me, hard world for Satyriſts beginne
To ſet vp ſhop, when no ſmall petty ſinne
Is left vnpurg'd. Once to be purſie fat
Had wont be cauſe that life did macerate.
Marry the iealous Queene of ayre doth frowne,
That Ganimede is vp, and Hebe downe.
Once *Albion* liu'd in ſuch a cruell age
Than men did hold by ſeruile villenage,
Poore brats were ſlaues, of bond-men that were borne,
And marted, ſold: but that rude law is torne,
And diſannuld, as too too inhumane,
That Lords ore peſants ſhould ſuch ſeruice ſtraine.
But now, (ſad change!) the kennell ſincke of ſlaues
Peſant great Lords, and ſeruile ſeruice craues.
Bondſlaue ſoanes had wont be bought and ſold:
But now *Heroes* heires (if they haue not told
A diſcreet number, 'fore their dad did die)
Are made much of: how much from merchandie?
Tail'd, and retail'd, till to the pedlers packe,
The fourth-hand ward-ware comes: alack, alack.
Would truth did know I lyed: but truth, and I
Dot know that ſenſe is borne to miſery.

Oh would

Oh would to God, this were their worſt miſchance,
Were not their ſoules ſould to darke ignorance.
Fair godnes is foul ill, if miſchiefes wit
Be not repreſt from lewd corrupting it.
O what dry braine melts not ſharp muſtard time,
To purge the ſnottery of our ſlimie time!
Hence idle *Caue*. Vengeance pricks me on,
When mart is made of faire Religion.
Reform'd bald *Trebus* ſwore, in Romiſh quier,
He ſold Gods eſſence for a poor denier.
The Egyptians adored Onions,
To Garlike yeelding all deuotions.
O happie Garlike, but thrice happie you,
Whoſe ſenting gods in your large gardens grew.
Democritus, riſe from thy putred ſlime,
Sport at the madneſſe of that hotter clime,
Deride their frenzy, that for policie
Adore Wheate dough, as reall deitie.
Almighty men, that can their maker make,
And force his ſacred bodie to forſake
The Cherubins, to be gnawne actually,
Diuiding *indiuiduum*, really:
Making a ſcore of Gods, with one poore word.
I, ſo I thought, in that you could afford,
So cheape a penny-worth. O ample field,
In which a Satyre may iuſt weapon weelde.
But I am vext, when ſwarmes of *Iulians*
Are ſtil manur'd by lewd Preciſians.
Who ſcorning Church rites, take the ſymbole vp,
As ſlouenly, as careleſſe Courtiers ſlup
Their mutton gruell. Fie, who can with-hold,
But muſt of force make his mild muſe a ſcold?

When that hee greeued ſees, with red vext eyes,
That Athens antient large immunities
Are eyeſores to the Fates. Poore cels forlorne,
Iſt not enough you are made an abiect ſcorne
To ieering apes, but muſt the ſhadow too
Of auncient ſubſtance, be thus wrung from you!
O ſplit my heart, leaſt it doe breake with rage,
To ſee th'immodeſt looſeneſſe of our age.
Immodeſt looſeneſſe? fie, too gentle word,
When euery ſigne can brothelry afford:
When luſt doth ſparkle from our females eyes,
And modeſtie is rouſted in the ſkyes.

Tell me *Galliottæ*, what meanes this ſigne,
When impropriat gentles will turne *Capuchine?*
Sooner be damn'd. O ſtuffe Satyricall!
When rapine feeds our pomp, pomp ripes our fall:
When the gueſt trembles at his hoſts ſwart looke,
The ſon doth feare his ſtepdame, that hath tooke
His mothers place, for luſt: the twin-borne brother
Malignes his mate, that firſt came from his mother.
When to be huge, is to be deadly ſicke.
When vertuous peſants will not ſpare to lick
The diuels taile for poore promotion.
When for neglect, ſlubbred *Deuotion*
Is wan with griefe. When *Rufus* yauns for death
Of him that gaue him vndeſerued breath.
When *Hermus* makes a worthy queſtion,
Whether of *Wright*, as *Paraphonalion*
A ſiluer piſſe-pot fits his Lady dame?
Or is't too good? a pewter beſt became.
When *Agrippina* poyſons *Claudius* ſonne,
That all the world to her owne brat might run.

When

When the huſband gapes that his ſtale wife would dy,
That he might once be in by *Curtiſie*.
The big paunch't wife longs for her loth'd mates death,
That ſhe might haue more ioyntures here on earth.
When tenure for ſhort yeares (by many a one)
Is thought right good be turn'd forth *Littleton*,
All to be *headdy*, or *free-hold* at leaſt,
When tis all one, for long life be a beaſt,
A ſlaue, as haue a ſhort term'd tenancie.
When dead's the ſtrength of Englands yeomanry;
When invndation of luxurioufneſſe
Fats all the world with ſuch groſſe beaſtlineſſe,
Who can abſtaine? what modeſt braine can hold,
But he muſt make his ſhamefac'd Muſe a ſcold?

SATYRE III.

Redde, age, quæ deinceps riſiſti.

IT's good be warie, whilſt the ſunne ſhines cleer;
(Quoth that old chuffe, that may diſpend by yeer
Three thouſand pound) whil'ſt hee of good pretence
Commits himſelfe to Fleet, to ſaue expence.
No Countries Chriſtmas: rather tarry heere,
The Fleete is cheap, the country hall too deere.
But *Codrus*, harke, the world expects to ſee
Thy baſtard heire rot there in miſery.
What? will *Luxurio* keepe ſo great a hall,
That he will prooue a baſtard in his fall?

No: *come on fiue: S. George, by heauen at all*
Makes his cataſtrophe right tragicall.
At all? till nothings left: *Come on,* till all comes off,
I haire and all: *Luxurie* left a ſcoffe
To leaprous filths: O ſtay, thou impious ſlaue,
Teare not the lead from off thy fathers graue,
To ſtop baſe brokeage: ſell not thy fathers ſheet,
His leaden ſheet; that ſtraungers eyes may greete
Both putrifaction of thy greedy Sire;
And thy abhorred viperous deſire.
But wilt thou needs, ſhall thy Dads lacky brat
Weare thy Sires halfe-rot finger in his hat?
Nay then *Luxurie* waſte in obloquie,
And I ſhall ſport to heare thee faintly cry;
A die, a drab, and filthy broking knaues
Are the worlds wide mouthes, all deuouring graues.
Yet *Samus* keepes a right good houſe I heare.
No, it keepes him, and free'th him from chill feare
Of ſhaking fits. How then ſhall his ſmug wench,
How ſhall her bawd (fit time) aſſiſt her quench
Her ſanguine heate? *Lyncus,* canſt thou ſent?
She hath her Monkey, and her inſtrument
Smooth fram'd at *Uitrio.* O greeuous miſery!
Luſtus hath left her female luxury.
I, it left him; No, his old Cynick Dad
Hath forc't him cleane forſake his Pickhatch drab.
Alack, alack, what peece of luſtfull fleſh
Hath *Luſcus* left, his *Priape* to redreſſe?
Grieue not good ſoule, he hath his *Ganimede,*
His perfum'd ſhe-goat, ſmooth kembd and high fed.
At Hogſon now his monſtrous luſt he feaſts,
For there he keepes a baudy-houſe of beaſts.

Paphus

Paphus, let *Luſcus* haue his Curtezan,
Or we ſhall haue a monſter of a man.
Tut, *Paphus* now detaines him from that bower,
And claſps him cloſe within his brick-built tower.
Diogenes, thou art damn'd for thy lewd wit,
For *Luſcus* now hath ſkill to practiſe it.
Faith what cares he for faire *Cynedian* boyes?
Veluet cap't Goats, dutch Mares? tut common toies,
Detaine them all, on this condition
He may but uſe the Cynick friction.
O now ye male ſtewes, I can giue pretence
For your luxurious incontinence.
Hence, hence, ye falſed, ſeeming Patriotes,
Returne not with pretence of ſaluing ſpots,
When here yee ſoyle vs with impuritie,
And monſtrous filth of Doway ſeminary.
What though *Iberia* yeeld you libertie,
To ſnort in ſource of Sodome villany?
What though the bloomes of young nobilitie,
Committed to your *Rodons* cuſtodie,
Yee *Nero* like abuſe? yet nere approche,
Your new *S. Homers* lewdnes here to broche;
Taynting our Townes, and hopefull Academes,
With your luſt-bating moſt abhorred meanes.
Valladolid, our Athens gins to taſte
Of thy rank filth. Camphire and Lettuce chaſte
Are clean caſheird, now *Sophi* Ringoes eate,
Candi'd Potatoes are Athenians meate.
Hence Holy-thiſtle, come ſweete marrow pie,
Inflame our backs to itching luxurie.
A Crabs bak't guts, a Lobſters butterd thigh,
I heare them ſweare is bloud for venerie.

Had I ſome ſnout-faire brats, they ſhould indure
The new found *Caſtilion* callenture,
Before ſome pedant Tutor, in his bed,
Should vſe my frie, like Phrigian *Ganimede*.
Nay then chaſte cels, when greaſie *Aretine*,
For his rank *Fico*, is ſirnam'd diuine.
Nay then come all yee veniall ſcapes to me,
I dare well warrant, you'le abſolued be.
Rufus, I'le terme thee but intemperate,
I will not once thy vice exaggerate:
Though that each howre thou lewdly ſwaggereſt,
And at the quarter day, pay'ſt intereſt
For the forbearance of thy chalked ſcore:
Though that thou keep'ſt a taly with thy whore:
Since *Nero* keepes his mother *Agrippine*,
And no ſtrange luſt can ſatiate *Maſſalina*.
Tullus goe ſcotfree, though thou often bragſt,
That for a *falſe French-Crowne*, thou vaniſhing hadſt;
Though that thou know'ſt, for thy inconuinence,
Thy drab repaid thee *true French peſtilence*.
But tuſh, his boaſt I beare, when *Tegeran*
Brags that hee foyſts his rotten Curtezan
Vpon his heire, that muſt haue all his lands:
And them hath ioyn'd in *Hymens* ſacred bands.
I'le winke at *Rebrus*, that for vicinage
Enters common, on his next neighbors ſtage:
When *Ioue* maintaines his ſiſter and his whore;
And ſhe inceſtuous, iealous euermore,
Leaſt that *Europa* on the Bull ſhould ride:
Woe worth, when beaſts for filth are deifi'd.
Alacke poore rogues, what Cenſor interdicts
The veniall ſcapes of him that purſes picks?

When

When ſome ſlie, golden-ſlopt *Caſtilio*
Can cut a manore ſtrings at Primero?
Or with a pawne, ſhall giue a Lordſhip mate;
In ſtatute ſtaple chaining faſt his ſtate?
What Academick ſtarued Satyriſt
Would gnaw worn'd Bucon? or, with lake-black fiſt,
Would toſſe each mock-heap, for ſome outcaſt ſcraps
Of halfe-dung bones, to ſtop his yawning chaps?
Or, with a hungry hollow halfe-pin'd iaw,
Would once, a thrice-turn'd, bone-pickt ſubiect gnaw?
When ſwarmes of Mountebanks, and Bandetti
Damn'd Briareins, ſinkes of villanie,
Factors for lewdneſs, Brokers for the deuill,
Infect our ſoules with all polluting euill.
Shall *Lucia* ſcorne her husbands luke-warm bed?
(Becauſe her pleaſure, being hurried
In ioulting Coach, with gladſie inſtrument,
Doth farre exceede the *Phrygian* blandiſhments):
Whilſt I (like to ſome mute *Pythagorean*)
Halter my hate, and ceaſe to curſe and ban
Such brutiſh filthe? Shall *Manlio* raiſe his fame,
By printing pamphlets in anothers name,
And in them praiſe himſelfe, his wit, his might,
All to be deem'd his Chantries Lanthorne light?
Whilſt my tongues tyde with bonds of bluſhing ſhame,
For fear of brooching my concealed name?
Shall *Balbus*, the demure Athenian,
Dreame of the death of next *Kinsman*?
Caſt his natiuitie? marke his complexion?
Waigh well his bodies weake condition?
That, with guilt ſleight, he may be ſure to get
The Planets place, when his dim ſhine ſhall ſet?

Shall

Shall *Curio* ſtreake his lims on his daies couch,
In Sommer bower? and with bare groping touch
Incenſe his luſt, conſuming all the yeere
In *Cyprian* dalliance, and in *Belgick* cheere?
Shall *Faunus* ſpend a hundred gallions
Of Goates pure milke, to laue his ſtalions,
As much Roſe iuyce? O bath! O royall, rich
To ſcower *Faunus*, and his ſaut proud bitch.
And when all's cleans'd, ſhal the ſlaues inſide ſtinke
Worſe than the new caſt ſlime of *Thames* elsd brink;
Whilſt I ſecurely let him ouer-ſlip,
Nere yerking him with my Satyricke whip?
Shall *Criſpus* with hypocriſie beguile,
Holding a candle to ſome fiend a while?
Now Iew, then Turke, then ſeeming Chriſtian,
Then Athiſte, Papiſt, and ſtraight Puritan,
Now nothing, any thing, euen what you liſt,
So that ſome guilt may greaſe his greedy fiſt?
Shall *Damas* vſe his third-hand ward as ill
As any iade that tuggeth in the mill?
What, ſhall law, nature, vertue be reiected?
Shall theſe world Arteries be ſoule-infected,
With corrupt bloud? Whilſt I ſhal *Martia* taſke?
Or ſome young *Villius*, all in choller aſke,
How he can keepe a lazie waiting man,
And buy a hoode, and ſiluer-handled fan,
With fortie pound? Or ſnarle at *Lollios* ſonne;
That with induſtrious paines hath harder wonne
His true got worſhip, and his gentries name,
Then any Swine-heards brat, that louſie came
To luſkiſh Athens: and, with farming pots,
Compiling beds, and ſcouring greaſie ſpots,

By

By chance (when he can like taught Parrat cry,
Decrely belou'd, with ſimpering grauitie)
Hath got the farme of ſome gelt Vicary,
And now on cock-horſe, gallops iollily;
Tickling with ſome ſtolne ſtuffe his ſenſeleſſe cure,
Belching lewd termes gainſt all ſound littrature.
Shall I with ſhadowes fight? taſke bitterly
Romes filth? ſcraping baſe chanrell roguerie?
Whilſt ſuch huge Gyants ſhall affright our eyes
With execrable, damn'd impieties?
Shall I finde trading *Mecbo*, neuer loath
Frankly to take a damning periured oath?
Shall *Furia* brooke her ſiſters modeſty,
And proſtitute her ſonle to brothelry?
Shall *Coſſus* make his well-fac't wife a ſtale,
To yeeld his braided ware a quicker ſale?
Shall cock-horſe, fat-paunch *Milo* ſtaine whole ſtocks
Of well borne ſoules, with his adultering ſpots?
Shall broking Pandars ſucke Nobilitie?
Soyling faire ſtems with foul impuritie?
Nay, ſhall a trencher ſlaue extennate
Some *Lucrece* rape? and ſtraight magnificate
Lewde *Iouian* luſt? Whilſt my Satyrick vaine
Shall muzled be, not daring out to ſtraine
His tearing paw? No, gloomy *Iuuenall*,
Though to thy fortunes I diſaſtrous fall.

SATYRE IV.

CRAS.

I Marry Sir, here's perfect honeſty,
When *Martius* will forſweare all villany,
(All damn'd abuſe of paiment in the warres,
All filching from his prince and Souldiers)
When once he can but ſo much bright dirt gleane,
As may maintaine one more White-friers queane,
One drab more, faith then farewell villany,
He'le cleanſe himſelfe to Shoreditch puritie.
As for *Stadius*, I thinke he hath a ſoule:
And if he were but free from ſharpe controule
Of his ſower hoſt, and from his Taylors bill,
He would not thus abuſe his riming ſkill;
Iading our tired eares with fooleries,
Greaſing great ſlaues, with oyly flatteries:
Good faith I thinke, he would not ſtriue to fute
The back of humorous Time (for baſe repute,
Mong dunghill peſants) botching vp ſuch ware,
As may be ſalable in Sturbridge fare.
If he were once but freed from ſpecialty:
But ſooth, till then, beare with his balladry.
I aſk't lewd *Gallus* when he'le ceaſe to ſweare,
And with whole-culuerin, raging oaths to teare
The vault of heauen; ſpitting in the eyes
Of natures Nature, lothſome blaſphemies.

To

To morrow, he doth vow he will forbeare.
Next day I meete him, but I heare him sweare
Worse then before: I put his vowe in minde.
He answerrs me, *to morrow*: but I finde,
He sweares next day, farre worse then ere before;
Putting me off, with *morrow* euermore.
Thus when I vrge him, with his sophistrie
He thinkes to salue his damned periury.
Sylenus now is old, I wonder, I
He doth not hate his triple venerie.
Cold, writhled Eld, his liues-wet almost spent,
Me thinkes a vnitie were competent:
But O faire hopes! he whispers secretly,
When it leaues him, he'le leaue his lechery.
When simpring *Flaccus* (that demurely goes
Right neatly tripping on his new blackt toes)
Hath made rich vse of his Religion,
Of God himselfe, in pure deuotion:
When that the strange *Ideas* in his head
(Broched 'mongst curious sots, by shadowes led)
Haue furnish't him, by his hore auditors
Of faire demeasnes, and goodly rich mannors,
Sooth then he will repent, when's treasury
Shall force him to disclaime his heresie.
What will not poore neede force? But being sped,
God for vs all, the gurmonds paunch is fed:
His mind is chang'd: but when will he doe good?
To morrow: *I, to morrow, by the Rood.*
Yet *Ruscus* sweares, he'le cease to broke a sute:
By peasant meanes striuing to get repute,
Mong puffie Spunges, when the Fleet's defraid,
His reuell tier, and his Laundresse paid.

There

There is a crewe which I too plaine could name,
If ſo I might without th' *Aquinians* blame,
That lick the tail of greatneſſe with their lips:
Laboring with third-hand iefts, and Apiſh ſkips,
Retayling others wit, long barrelled,
To glib ſome great mans eares, till panch be fed:
Glad if themſelues, as ſporting fooles, be made,
To get the ſhelter of ſome high-growne ſhade.
To morrow, yet theſe baſe tricks they'le caſt off,
And ceaſe for lucre be a ieering ſcoffe.
Ruſcus will leaue, when once he can renue
His waſted clothes, that are aſham'd to view
The worlds proud eyes, *Druſus* wil ceaſe to fawne,
When that his Farme, that leaks in melting pawne,
Some Lord-applauded ieſt hath once ſet free.
All will *to morrow* leaue there roguery.
When fox-furd *Mecho* (by damn'd vſury,
Cutthrote deceite, and his crafts villany)
Hath rak't together ſome four thouſand pound,
To make his ſmug gurle beare a bumming ſound
In a young merchants eare, faith then (may be)
He'le ponder if there be a Deitie;
Thinking, if to the Pariſh powerty,
At his wiſht death, be dol'd a half-penny,
A worke of Supererogation,
A good filth-cleanſing ſtrong purgation.
Aulus will leaue begging Monopolies,
When that 'mong troopes of gaudy Butter-flies,
He is but able iet it iollily,
In pie-bald ſutes of proud Court brauery.
To morrow doth *Luxurio* promiſe me,
He will vnline himſelfe from bitchery.

Marry

Marry *Alcides* thirteenth act muſt lend
A glorious period, and his luſt-itch end.
When once he hath froth-foaming *Ætna* paſt,
At one an thirtie being alwaies laſt.
If not to *Day* (quoth that *Naſonian*)
Much leſſe *to morrow*. Yes ſaith *Fabian:*
For ingrain'd Habits, *died with often dips,*
Are not ſo ſoone diſcoloured. Young ſlips
New ſet, are eaſily mow'd, and pluck't away:
But elder rootes clip faſter in the clay.
I ſmile at thee, and at the Stagerite:
Who holds, the liking of the appetite,
Being fed with actions often put in vre,
Hatcheth the ſoule, in quality impure,
Or pure. May be in vertue: but for vice,
That comes by inſpiration, with a trice.
Young *Furius* ſcarce fifteen yeares of age
But is, ſtraight-waies, right fit for marriage,
Vnto the diuell: for ſure they would agree;
Betwixt their ſoules their is ſuch ſympathy.
O where's your ſweatie habit? when each Ape,
That can but ſpy the ſhadowe of his ſhape,
That can no ſooner ken what's vertuous,
But will auoid it, and be vitious.
Without much doe, or farre fetch't habiture,
In earneſt thus; *It is a ſacred cure*
To ſalue the ſoules dread wounds, Omnipotent
That Nature is, that cures the impotent,
Euen in a moment, Sure, Grace is infus'd
By diuine fauour, not by actions us'd.
Which is as permanent as heauens bliſſe
To them that haue it, then no habit is.

To morrow, nay, to day, it may be got.
So pleaſe that gratious Power cleanſe thy ſpot.
Vice, from priuation of that ſacred Grace,
Which God with-drawes, but puts not vice in place.
Who ſaies the ſunne is cauſe of vgly night?
Yet when he vailes our eyes from his faire ſight,
The gloomy curtaine of the night is ſpred,
Yee curious ſotts, vainely by Nature led,
Where is your vice, or vertuous habite now?
For, *Suſtine pro nunc* doth bend his brow,
And old crabb'd *Scotus*, on th' *Organon*,
Pay'th me with ſnaphaunce, quick diſtinction;
Habits, that intellectuall tearmed be,
Are got, or elſe infus'd from Deitie.
Dull Sorboniſt, fly contradiction.
Pie, thou oppugn'ſt the definition,
If one ſhould ſay; *Of things tearm'd rationall,*
Some reaſon haue, others more ſenſuall:
Would not ſome freſhman, reading *Porphirie*,
Hiſſe and deride ſuch blockiſh foolery?
Then vice nor vertue haue from habite place:
The one from want, the other ſacred grace,
Infus'd, diſplac't, not in our will or force,
But as it pleaſe Iehoua *haue remorſe.*
I will, cries *Zeno:* O preſumption!
I can: thou maiſt, dogged opinion
Of thwarting Cynicks. To day vitious,
Liſt to their percepts, next day vertuous.
Peace *Seneca*, thou belcheſt blaſphemy.
To liue from God, but to liue happily
(I heare thee boaſt) *from thy Philoſophy,*
And from thy ſelfe, O rauening lunacy!

Cynicks,

Cynicks, yee wound your ſelues. For Deſtiny,
Ineuitable Fate, Neceſſitie
You hold doth ſway the acts ſpirituall,
As well as parts of that wee mortall call.
Wher's then *I will?* wher's that ſtrong Deity,
You do aſcribe to your Philoſophy?
Confounded Natures brats, can *will* and *Fate*
Haue both their ſeate, and office in your pate?
O hidden depth of that dread Secrecie,
Which I doe trembling touch in poetry!
To-day, to day, implore obſequiouſly:
Truſt not *to morrowes will*; leaſt vtterly
Yee be attach't with ſad confuſion,
In your Grace-tempting lewd preſumption.
But I forget: why ſweat I out my braine,
In deep deſignes, to gay boyes, lewd, and vaine?
Theſe notes, were better ſung, 'mong better ſort:
But, to my pamphlet, few, ſaue fooles, reſort.

Libri primi finis.

PROEMIUM

IN

LIBRUM SECUNDUM.

I Cannot quote a motte Italionate,
Or brand my Satyres with ſome Spaniſh terme,
I cannot with ſwolne lines magnificate
Mine owne poore worth, or as immaculate
Taſk others rimes; as if no blot did ſtaine,
No blemiſh ſoyle my young Satyrick vaine.

Nor can I make my ſoule a merchandize,
Seeking conceits to ſute theſe Artleſſe times.
Or daine for baſe reward to poetize:
Soothing the world, with oyly flatteries.
Shall mercenary thoughts prouoke me write?
Shall I, for lucre, be a Paraſite?

Shall I once pen for vulgar ſorts applauſe?
To pleaſe each hound? each dungy Scauenger?
To fit ſome Oyſter-wenches yawning iawes?
With trickſey tales of ſpeaking Corniſh dawes?
Firſt let my braine (bright hair'd *Latonas* ſonne)
Be cleane diſtract with all confuſion.

What

What though ſome *Iohn-à-ſtile* will baſely toyle,
Only incited with the hope of gaine:
Though roguie thoughts do force ſome iade-like Moile;
Yet no ſuch filth my true-borne Muſe will ſoyle.
O *Epictetus*, I doe honour thee,
To thinke how rich thou wert in pouertie.

Ad rithmum.

COme prettie pleaſing ſymphonie of words,
Ye wel-matcht twins (whoſe like-tun'd tongs affords
Such muſicall delight) come willingly
And daunce *Leuoltoes* in my poeſie.
Come all as eaſie, as ſpruce *Curio* will,
In ſome Courthall, to ſhew his capring ſkill,
As willingly come meete and iump together,
As new ioyn'd loues, when they do clip each other.
As willingly, as wenches trip a round,
About a May-pole, after bagpipes ſound.
Come riming numbers, come and grace conceite,
Adding a pleaſing cloſe; with your deceipt,
Inticing eares. Let not my ruder hand
Seeme once to force you in my lines to ſtand.
Be not ſo fearefull (prettie ſoules) to meete,
As *Flaccus* is, the Sergeants face to greete.
Be not ſo backward, loth to grace my ſenſe,
As *Druſus* is, to haue intelligence
His Dad's aliue; but come into my head
As iocundly, as (when his wife was dead)

Young *Lelius* to his home. Come like-fac't rime,
In tunefull numbers keeping muſicks time.
But if you hang an arſe, like *Tubered*,
When *Chremes* dragd him from his brothell bed,
Then hence baſe ballad ſtuffe: my poetry
Diſclaimes you quite. For know, my libertie
Scornes riming lawes. Alas poore idle ſound:
Since I firſt *Phœbus* knew, I neuer found
Thy intereſt in ſacred poeſie.
Thou to Inuention add'ſt but ſurquedry,
A gaudie ornature: but haſt no part,
In that ſoule-pleaſing high infuſed art,
Then if thou wilt clip kindly in my lines,
Welcome thou friendly aide of my deſignes.
If not? No title of my ſenſeleſſe change
To wreſt ſome forced rime, but freely range.
Yee ſcrupulous obſeruers, goe and learne
Of *Æſops* dogge; meat from a ſhade diſcerne.

SATYRE V.

Totum in toto.

HAng thy ſelfe *Druſus:* haſt nor armes nor braine?
Some Sophy ſay, *The Gods ſell all for paine.*
Not ſo.
Had not that toyling Thebans ſteeled back
Dread poyſoned ſhafts, liu'd he now, he ſhould lack,
Spight of his farming Oxe-ſtawles. *Themis* ſelfe
Would be caſheir'd from one poore ſcrap of pelfe.

If

If that she were incarnate in our time,
She might lurke scorned in disdained slime,
Shaded from honour by some enuious mist
Of watry fogges, that fill the ill-stuft list
Of faire Desert, iealous euen of blind dark,
Least it should spie, and at their lameneſſe barke.
Honors shade thrusts honors substance from his place.
Tis strange, when shade the substance can disgrace.
Harsh lines cries *Curus*, whose eares nere reioyce,
But as the quauering of my Ladies voice.
Rude limping lines fits this lewd halting age.
Sweet senting *Curus*, pardon then my rage,
When wisards sweare plaine vertue neuer thriues:
None but *Priapus* by plaine dealing wiues.
Thou subtile *Hermes*, are the Destinies
Enamour'd on thee? then vp mount the skies.
Aduance, depose, do euen what thou list,
So long as Fates doe grace thy iuggling fist.
Tuscus, hast *Beuclarkes* armes and strong sinewes,
Large reach, full-fed vaines, ample reuenewes?
Then make thy markets by thy proper arme,
O, brawny strength is an all-canning charme.
Thou dreadleſſe *Thracian*, hast *Hallerbotius* slaine?
What? ist not possible thy cause maintaine,
Before the dozen *Areopagites*?
Come *Enagonian*, furnish him with slights,
Tut, *Plutos* wrath, *Proserpina* can melt,
So that thy sacrifice be freely felt.
What cannot *Iuno* force in bed with *Ioue*?
Turne and returne a sentence with her loue,
Thou art too dusky. Fie, thou shallow Asse,
Put on more eyes, and marke me as I passe.

Well

Well plainely thus; *Sleight, Force are mighty things,*
From which, much (if not moſt) earths glory ſprings
If vertues ſelfe, were clad in humane ſhape,
Vertue without theſe, might goe beg and ſcrape.
The naked truth is, a well-cloathed lie,
A nimble quick pate mounts to dignitie.
By force or fraude that matters not a iot,
So maſſie wealth may fall vnto thy lot.

I heard old *Albius* ſweare, *Flavius* ſhould haue
His eldeſt gurle, for *Flavius* was a knaue:
A damn'd deep-reaching villain, and would mount:
(He durſt well warrant him) to great account.
What though he laid forth all his ſtock and ſtore
Vpon ſome office, yet he'le gaine much more,
Though purchaſt deere. Tut, he will trebble it
In ſome fewe Termes, by his extorting wit.

When I, in ſimple meaning, went to ſue
For tong-tide *Damus*, that would needs go wooe,
I prais'd him for his vertuous honeſt life.
By God, cryes *Flora*, Ile not be his wife.
He'le nere come on. Now I ſwear ſolemnely,
When I goe next, I'le praiſe his villany:
A better field to range in now a daies.
If vice be vertue, I can all men praiſe.

What though pale *Maurus* paid huge ſymonies
For his halfe-dozen gelded vicaries:
Yet with good honeſt cut-throat vſury,
I feare he'le mount to reuerent dignity.
O ſleight! all-cunning ſleight! all-damning ſleight!
The onely gally-ladder vnto might.

Tuſcus is trade faſne: yet great hope he'le riſe,
For now he makes no count of periuries.

Hath

Hath drawn falſe lights from pitch-black louerie
Glaſed his braided ware, cogs, ſweares, and lies.
Now ſince he hath the grace, thus graceleſſe be,
His neighbours ſweare, he'le ſwell with treaſurie.
Tut: Who maintaines, ſuch goods, ill got, decay?
No: they'le ſticke by the ſoule, they'le nerè away.
Luſcus, my Lords perfumer, had no ſale,
Vntill he made his wife a brothell ſtale.
Abſurd, the gods ſell all for induſtry?
When, what's not got by hell-bred villany?
Codrus my well-fac't Ladies taile-bearer,
(He that ſome-times play th' *Flauias* vſherer)
I heard one day complaine to *Lynceus*,
How vigilant, how right obſequious,
Modeſt in carriage, how true in truſt,
And yet (alas) nere guerdond with a cruſt.
But now I ſee, he findes by his accounts,
That ſole Priapus, *by plaine dealing, mounts.*
How now? what, droupes the newe *Pegaſian* Inne?
I feare mine hoſt is honeſt. Tut, beginne
To ſet vp whorehouſe. Nere too late to thriue,
By any meanes, at *Porta Rich* arriue;
Goe vſe ſome ſleight, or liue poore *Irus* life,
Straight proſtitute thy daughter, or thy wife;
And ſoone be wealthy: but be damn'd with it.
Hath not rich *Mylo* then deepe reaching wit?

Faire age!

When tis a high, and hard thing t'haue repute
Of a compleat villaine, perfect, abſolute,
And roguing vertue brings a man defame,
A packſtaffe Epethite, and ſcorned name.

Fie;

Fie; how my wit ſlagges! how heauily,
Me thinks I vent dull ſpriteleſſe poeſie!
What cold black froſt congeales my nummed brain?
What enuious power ſtops a Satyres vaine?
O now I knowe, the iuggling God of ſleights,
With *Caduceus* nimble *Hermes* fights,
And miſts my wit; offended, that my rimes
Diſplay his odious, world-abuſing crimes.
O be propitious, powerfull God of Arts,
I ſheath my weapons, and do break my darts.
Be then appeas'd, Ile offer to thy ſhrine,
An *Hecatombe*, of many ſpotted kine.
Myriades of beaſts ſhall ſatisfie thy rage,
Which doe prophane thee in this Apiſh age.
Infectious bloud, yée gouty humors quake,
Whilſt my ſharpe Razor doth inciſion make.

SATYRE VI.

Hem noſti'n.

C*Vrio*, know'ſt me? why thou bottle-ale,
Thou barmie froth! O ſtay me leaſt I raile
Beyond *Nil vltra*; to ſee this butterfly,
This windy bubble taſke my balladry,
With ſenſeleſſe cenſure, *Curio*, know'ſt my ſp'rite?
Yet deem'ſt that in ſad ſerioufneſſe I write?
Such naſty ſtuffe, as is *Pigmalion?*
Such maggot-tainted, lewd corruption.

Ha,

Ha, how he glauers with his fawning ſnowt,
And ſweares, he thought, I meant but faintly flowt
My fine ſmug rime, O barbarous dropſie noule!
Think'ſt thou, that *Genius* that attends my ſoule,
And guides my fiſt to ſcourge *Magnificoes*,
Wil daigne my minde be rank't in *Paphian* ſhowes?
Thinkſt thou, that I, which was create to whip
Incarnate fiends, will once vouchſafe to trip
A Paunis trauerſe? or will liſpe *(ſweet loue)*
Or pule *(Aye me)* ſome female ſoule to moue?
Think'ſt thou, that I in melting poeſie
Will pamper itching ſenſualitie?
(That in the bodies ſcumme all fatally
Intombes the ſoules moſt ſacred faculty.)
Hence thou misiudging Cenſor: know I wrot,
Thoſe idle rimes, to note the odious ſpot
And blemiſh, that deformes the lineaments
Of moderne Poeſies habiliments.
Oh that the beauties of inuention,
For want of iudgements diſpoſition,
Should all be ſpoil'd. O that ſuch treaſurie,
Such ſtraines of well-conceited poeſie,
Should moulded be, in ſuch a ſhapeleſſe forme,
That want of Art ſhould make ſuch wit a ſcorne.
Here's one muſt inuocate ſome loſe-leg'd Dame,
Some brothel drab, to helpe him ſtanzaes frame,
Or els (alas) his wits can haue no vent,
To broch conceits induſtrious intent.
Another yet dares tremblingly come out:
But firſt he muſt invoke good *Colin Clout*.
Yon's one hath yean'd a fearefull prodigy,
Some monſtrous miſshapen Balladry,

His

His guts are in his braines, huge Iobbernoule,
Right Gurnets-head, the reſt without all ſoule.
Another walkes, is lazie, lies him downe,
Thinkes, reades, at length ſome wonted ſlepe doth crowne
His new ſalne lids, dreames, ſtraight, ten pound to one,
Out ſteps ſome Fayery with quick motion,
And tells him wonders of ſome flowry vale,
Awakes, ſtraight rubs his eyes, and prints his tale.
Yon's one, whoſe ſtraines haue flowne ſo high a pitch,
That ſtraight he flags, and tumbles in a ditch.
His ſprightly hot high-ſoring poeſie,
Is like that dreamed of Imagery,
Whoſe head was gold, breſt ſiluer, braſſie thigh,
Lead Leggs, clay feete; O faire fram'd poeſie.
Here's one, to get an vndeſeru'd repute
Of deepe deepe learning, all in fuſtian ſute
Of ill paſt, farre fetch't words attireth
His period, that all ſenſe forſweareth.
Another makes old *Homer Spencer* cite,
Like my *Pigmalion*, where, with rage, delight
He cryes, O *Ouid!* This caus'd my idle quill,
The world's dull eares with ſuch lewd ſtuff to fill,
And gull with bumbaſt lines, the witleſſe ſenſe
Of theſe odde nags; whoſe pates circumference
Is fill'd with froth. O theſe ſame buzzing Gnats
That ſting my ſleeping browes, theſe Nilus Rats,
Halfe dung, that haue their life from putrid ſlime,
Theſe that do praiſe my looſe laſciuious rime;
For theſe ſame ſhades, I ſeriouſly proteſt,
I ſlubberd vp that Chaos indigeſt,
To fiſh for fooles, that ſtalke in goodly ſhape:
What though in velvet cloake? yet ſtill an Ape.

Capra

Capro reads, ſweares, ſcrubs, and ſweares againe,
Now by my ſoule an admirable ſtraine,
Strokes vp his haire, cries paſſing paſſing good.
Oh, there's a line incends his luſtfull blood.
Then *Muto* comes, with his new glaſſe-ſet face,
And with his late kiſt-hand my booke doth grace,
Straight reades, then ſmiles, and liſps *(tis pretty good)*
And praiſeth that he neuer vnderſtood.
But roome for *Flaccus*, he'le my Satyres read.
Oh how I trembled ſtraight with inward dread!
But when I ſawe him read my fuſtian,
And heard him ſweare I was a Pythian,
Yet ſtraight recald, and ſweares I did but quote
Out of *Xilinum* to that margents note;
I could ſcarce hold, and keepe myſelfe conceal'd,
But had well-nigh myſelfe and all reueal'd.
Then ſtraight comes *Friſcus*, that neat Gentleman,
That newe diſcarded Academian,
Who for he could cry *Ergo*, in the ſchoole,
Straight-way, with his huge iudgment dares controule
Whatſo'ere he viewes; *That's prety good:*
That Epithite hath not that ſprightly blood
Which ſhould enforce it ſpeake: that's Perſius *vaine:*
That's Iuvenal's, *heere's* Horace *crabbid ſtraine;*
Though he nere read one line in *Iuvenall*,
Or, in his life, his lazie eye let fall
On duſkie *Perſius*. O indignitie
To my reſpectleſſe free-bred poeſie.
Hence ye big-buzzing little-bodied Gnats,
Yee tatling Ecchoes, huge tongu'd Pigmy brats:
I meane to ſleepe: wake not my ſlumbring braine,
With your malignant, weake, detracting vaine.

What though the ſacred iſſue of my ſoule
I here expoſe to Idiots controule?
What though I beare, to lewd Opinion,
Lay ope, to vulgar prophanation,
My very *Genius?* Yet know, my poeſie
Doth ſcorne your vtmoſt, rank'ſt indignitie.
My pate was great with child, and here tis eas'd
Vexe all the world, ſo that thy ſelfe be pleas'd.

SATYRE VII.

A Cynicke Satyre.

A *Man, a man, a kingdome for a man.*
Why how now curriſh, mad Athenian?
Thou Cynick dog, ſee'ſt not the ſtreets do ſwarme
With troops of men? No, no: for *Cyrces* charme
Hath turn'd them all to Swine. I neuer ſhall
Thinke thoſe ſame *Samian* ſawes authenticall:
But rather I dare ſweare, the ſoules of ſwine
Doe liue in men. For that ſame radiant ſhine,
That luſtre wherewith natures *Nature* decked
Our intellectuall part, that gloſſe is ſoyled
With ſtayning ſpots of vile impiety,
And muddy durt of ſenſualitie.
Theſe are no men, but *Apparitions,*
Ignes fatui, Glowewormes, Fictions,
Meteors, Rats of Nilus, Fantaſies,
Colaſſes, Pictures, Shades, Reſemblances.
Ho *Lynceus!*

Seeſt thou

Seeſt thou yon gallant in the ſumptuous clothes,
How briſk, how ſpruce, how gorgiouſly he ſhows?
Note his French-herring bones: but note no more,
Vnleſſe thou ſpy his faire appendant whore,
That lackies him. Marke nothing but his clothes,
His new ſtampt complement, his Cannon oathes.
Marke thoſe: for naught, but ſuch lewd vicioufnes,
Ere graced him, ſaue Sodome beaſtlineſſe.
Is this a *Man?* Nay, an incarnate deuill,
That ſtruts in vice, and glorieth in euill.
A man, a man. Peace Cynick, yon is one:
A compleat ſoule of all perfection.
What, mean'ſt thou him that walks all open breſted?
Drawn through the eare with Ribands, plumy creſte?
He that doth ſnort in fat-fed luxury,
And gapes for ſome grinding Monopoly?
He that in effeminate inuention,
In beaſtly ſource of all pollution,
In ryot, luſt, and fleſhly ſeeming ſweetneſſe,
Sleepes ſound ſecure, under the ſhade of greatneſſe?
Mean'ſt thou that ſenceleſſe, ſenſuall Epicure?
That ſinke of filth, that guzzle moſt impure?
What he? *Linceus* on my word thus preſume,
He's nought but clothes, and ſenting ſweet perfume.
His verie ſoule, aſſure thee *Linceus*,
Is not ſo bigge as is an Atomus:
Nay, he is ſprightleſſe, ſenſe or ſoule hath none,
Since laſt *Meduſa* turn'd him to a ſtone.
A man, a man; Lo yonder I eſpie
The ſhade of *Neſtor* in ſad grauitie.
Since old *Sylenus* brake his Aſſes back,
He now is forc't his paunch, and guts to pack

In a faire Tumbrell. Why, ſower Satyriſt,
Canſt thou vnman him? Here I dare inſiſt
And ſoothly ſay, he is a perfect ſoule,
Eates Nectar, drinkes Ambroſia, ſaunce controule.
An inundation of felicitie
Fats him with honor, and huge treaſurie.
Canſt thou not *Linceus* caſt thy ſearching eye,
And ſpy his eminent Cataſtrophe?
He's but a ſpunge, and ſhortly needes muſt leeſe
His wrong got iuice, when greatnes fiſt ſhall ſqueeſe
His liquor out. Would not ſome head,
That is with ſeeming ſhadowes only fed,
Sweare yon ſame Damaſke-coat, yon garded man
Were ſome graue ſober *Cato Vtican?*
When let him but in iudgements ſight vncaſe,
He's naught but budge, old gards, browne fox-fur face
He hath no ſoule, the which the Stagerite
Term'd rationall: for beaſtly appetite,
Baſe dunghill thoughts, and ſenſuall action
Hath made him looſe that faire creation.
And now no man, ſince *Circes* magick charme
Hath turn'd him to a maggot, that doth ſwarme
In tainted fleſh: whoſe ſoule corruption
Is his faire foode: whoſe generation
Anothers ruine. O *Canaans* dread curſe
To liue in peoples ſinnes. Nay far more worſe
To muke ranke hate. But ſirra, *Linceus*,
Seeſt thou that troupe that now affronteth vs?
They are nought but Eeles, that neuer will appeare
Till that tempeſtuous winds or thunder teare
Their ſlimy beds. But prithee ſtay a while,
Looke, yon comes *Iohn-a-noke*, and *Iohn-a-ſtile*,

They are

They are nought but ſlowe-pac't, dilatory pleas,
Demure demurrers, ſtil ſtriuing to appeaſe
Hote zealous loue. The language that they ſpeake,
Is the pure barbarous blackſaunt of the *Geate*:
Their only ſkill reſts in *Colluſions*,
Abatements, *ſtoppels*, *inhibitions*.
Heauy-pas't Iades, dull pated Iobernoules
Quick in delayes, checking with vaine controules
Faier Iuſtice courſe, vile neceſſary euils,
Smooth ſeeming-ſaints, yet damn'd incarnate diuels.
Farre be it from my ſharpe Satyrick Muſe,
Thoſe graue and reuerend legiſts to abuſe,
That aide *Aſtrea*, that doe further right:
But theſe *Megera's* that inflame deſpight,
That broche deepe rancor, that do ſtudy ſtill
To ruine right, that they their panch may fill
With *Irus* bloud; theſe Furies I doe meane,
Theſe Hedge-hogs, that diſturbe *Aſtreas* Scean.
A man, a man: peace Cynicke, yon's a man,
Behold yon ſprightly dread *Mauortian*
With him I ſtop thy curriſh barking chops.
What, meanſt thou him, that in his ſwaggring ſlops
Wallowes vnbraced, all along the ſtreete?
He that ſalutes each gallant he doth meete,
With *farewell ſweete captaine, kind hart, adew*,
He that laſt night, tumbling thou didſt view
From out the great mans head; and thinking ſtill
He had beene Sentinell of warlike Brill,
Cryes out *Que va la?* zounds *Que?* and out doth draw
His transformd ponyard, to his *Syringe* ſtraw,
And ſtabs the drawer. What, that *Ringo roote?*
Mean'ſt thou that waſted leg, puffe bumbaſt boot?

What, he that's drawne, and quartered with lace?
That *Weſtphalian* gamon Cloue-ſtuck face?
Why, he is nought but huge blaſphemie othes,
Swart ſnout, big looks, misſhapen Switzers clothes.
Weake meager luſt hath now conſumed quite,
And waſted cleane away his Martiall ſpright:
Infeebling ryot, all vices confluence
Hath eaten out that ſacred influence
Which made him man.
That diuine part is ſoak't away in ſinne,
In ſenſuall luſt, and midnight bezeling,
Ranke inundation of luxurioufneſſe
Haue tainted him with ſuch groſſe beaſtlineſſe,
That now the ſeat of that celeſtiall eſſence
Is all poſſeſt with Naples peſtilence.
Fat peace, and diſſolute impietie
Haue lulled him in ſuch ſecuritie,
That now, let whirlwinds and confuſion teare
The Center of our ſtate, let Giants reare
Hill vpon hill, let weſterne *Termagant*
Shake heauens vault; he with his Occupant,
Are clingd ſo cloſe, like deaw-worms in the morne
That he'le not ſtir, till out his guts are torne
With eating filth. *Tubrio*, ſnort on, ſnort on,
Till thou art wak't with ſad confuſion.
Now raile no more at my ſharpe Cynick ſound,
Thou bruti ſh world, that in all vileneſſe drown'd,
Haſt loſt thy ſoule: for naught but ſhades I ſee,
Reſemblances of men inhabite thee.
Yon Tiſſue ſlop, yon Holy-croſſed pane,
Is but a water-ſpaniell that will faune,

And kiſſe

And kiſſe the water, whilſt it pleaſures him:
But being once arriued at the brim,
He ſhakes it off.
Yon in the capring cloake, a mimick Ape,
That ouely ſtriues to ſeeme an others ſhape.
Yon's *Æſops* Aſſe, yon ſad ciuility
Is but an Oxe, that with baſe drudgery
Eates vp the land, whilſt ſome gilt Aſſe doth chaw
The golden wheat; he well apayd with ſtraw.
Yon's but a muckhill ouer-ſpred with ſnowe,
Which with that vaile doth euen as fairely ſhowe
As the greene meades, whoſe natiue outward faire
Breathes ſweet perfumes into the neighbour ayre.
Yon effeminate ſanguine *Ganimede*,
Is but a Beuer, hunted for the bed.
Peace Cynick, *ſee what yonder doth approach*,
A cart? a tumbrell? *no, a badged coach.*
What's in't? ſome man. *No, nor yet woman kinde,*
But a celeſtiall Angell, faire refinde.
The diuell as ſoone. Her maſke ſo hinders me
I cannot ſee her beauties deitie.
Now that is off, ſhe is ſo vizarded,
So ſteept in Lemons iuyce, ſo ſurphuled
I cannot ſee her face. Vnder one hoode
Two faces: but I neuer underſtood
Or ſaw one face vnder two hoods till now.
Tis the right ſemblance of old *Ianus* brow.
Her maſke, her vizard, her looſe-hanging gowne,
(For her looſe lying body) her bright ſpangled crowne
Her long ſlit ſleeues, ſtiffe buſke, puffe verdingall
Is all that makes her thus angelicall.

Alas, her

Alas, her ſoule ſtruts round about her neck,
Her ſeate of ſenſe is her rebato ſet,
Her intellectuall is a fained niceneſſe,
Nothing but clothes, and ſimpring preciſeneſſe.
Out on theſe puppets, painted Images,
Haberdaſhers ſhops, torch-light maſkeries,
Perfuming pans, Dutch ancients, Glowe-worms bright
That ſoyle our ſoules, and dampe our reaſons light:
Away, away, hence Coach-man, goe inſhrine
Thy new glas'd puppet in port Eſqueline.
Bluſh *Martia*, feare not, or looke pale, all's one,
Margara keepes thy ſet complexion.
Sure I nere thinke thoſe axioms to be true,
That ſoules of men, from that great ſoule enſue,
And of his eſſence doe participate
As 'twere by pipes; when ſo degenerate,
So aduerſe is our natures motion,
To his immaculate condition:
That ſuch foule filth, from ſuch faire puritie,
Such ſenſuall acts, from ſuch a Deitie,
Can nere proceed. But if that dreame were ſo,
Then ſure the ſlime, that from our ſoules do flowe,
Haue ſtopt thoſe pipes by which it was conuei'd,
And now no humane creatures; once diſtrai'd
Of that faire iem.
Beaſts *ſenſe*, plants *growth*, like being as a ſtone.
But out alas, our *Cogniſance* is gone.

Finis libri ſecundi.

In ſerious

PROEMIUM

IN

LIBRUM TERTIUM.

IN ſerious ieſt, and ieſting ſerioufneſſe,
I ſtriue to ſcourge polluting beaſtlineſſe,
I inuocate no *Delian* Deitie,
Nor ſacred of-ſpring of *Mnemoſyne:*
I pray in aid of no *Caſtalian* Muſe,
No Nymph, no femal Angell to infuſe
A ſprightly wit to raiſe my flagging wings,
And teach me tune theſe harſh diſcordant ſtrings.
I craue no Syrens of our Halcion times,
To grace the accents of my rough-hew'd rimes:
But grim *Reproofe*, ſtearne hate of villany,
Inſpire and guid a Satyres poeſie
Faire *Deteſtation* of foule odious ſinne,
In which our ſwiniſh times lye wallowing.
Be thou my conduct and my *Genius*,
My wits inciting ſweet breath'd *Zephirus*.
O that a Satyres hand had force to pluck
Some ſludgate vp, to purge the world from muck:

Would God

Would God I could turne *Alpheus* riuer in,
To purge this *Augean* Oxſtall from foule ſinne.
Well, I will try: awake impuritie,
And view the vaile drawne from thy villany.

SATYRE VIII.

Iamorato Curio.

CVrio, aye me! thy miſtres Monkey's dead,
Alas, alas, her pleaſures buried.
Goe woman's ſlaue, performe his exequies,
Condole his death in mournfull Elegies.
Tut, rather Peans ſing *Hermaphrodite*:
For that ſad death giues life to thy delight.
Sweete fac't *Corinna*, daine the riband tie
Of thy Cork-ſhooe, or els thy ſlaue will die:
Some puling Sonnet toles his paſſing bell,
Some ſighing Elegie muſt ring his knell,
Vnleſſe bright ſunſhine of thy grace reuiue
His wambling ſtomack, certes he will diue
Into the whirle-poole of deuouring death,
And to ſome Mermaid ſacrifice his breath.
Then oh, *oh then*, to thy eternall ſhame,
And to the honour of ſweet *Curios* name,
This Epitaph, vpon the Marble ſtone,
Muſt faire be grau'd of that true louing one;

Heere lyeth he, he lyeth here,
That bounc't and pittie cryed:
The doore not op't, fell ſicke alas,
Alas fell ſicke and dyed.

What Mirmidon

What Mirmidon, or hard Dolopian,
What ſauage minded rude Cyclopian,
But ſuch a ſweete pathetique Paphian
Would force to laughter? Ho *Amphitrion*,
Thou art no Cuckold. What though *Ioue* dallied,
During thy warres, in faire *Alcmenas* bed,
Yet *Hercules* true borne, that imbecillitie
Of corrupt nature all apparantly
Appeares in him. O foule indignitie,
I heard him vow himſelfe a ſlaue to *Omphale*,
Puling *(aye me)* O valours obloquie!
He that the inmoſt nookes of hell did know,
Whoſe nere craz'd proweſſe all did ouer-throw,
Lyes ſtreaking brawny limmes in weakning bed,
Perfum'd, ſmooth kemb'd, new glaz'd, fair ſurphuled:
O that the boundleſſe power of the ſoule
Should be ſubiected to ſuch baſe controule!
Big limm'd *Alcides*, doffe thy honours crowne,
Goe ſpin, huge ſlaue, leaſt *Omphale* ſhould frowne.
By my beſt hopes, I bluſh with griefe and ſhame
To broach the peaſant baſeneſſe of our name.
O now my ruder hand begins to quake,
To thinke what loftie Cedars I muſt ſhake:
But if the canker fret the barkes of Oakes,
Like humbler ſhrubs ſhall equal beare the ſtroaks
Of my reſpectleſſe rude Satyrick hand.
Vnleſſe the Deſtin's adamantine band
Should tye my teeth, I cannot chuſe but bite,
To view *Mauortius* metamorphoz'd quite
To puling ſighes, and into *(aye mee's)* ſtate,
With voice diſtinct, all fine articulate.

Liſping,

Liſping, *Faire ſaint, my woe compaſſionate:*
By heauen, thine eye is my ſoule-guiding fate.
The God of wounds had wont on *Cyprian* couch
To ſtreake himſelfe, and with incenſing touch
To faint his force, onely when wrath had end:
But now, 'mong furious garboiles, he doth ſpend
His feebled valour, in tilt and turneying,
With wet turn'd kiſſes, melting dallying.
A poxe vpon't, that *Bacchis* name ſhould be
The watch-word giuen to the ſouldierie.
Goe troupe to field, mount thy obſcured fame,
Cry out *S. George*, invoke thy miſtreſſe name;
Thy Miſtreſſe and *S. George*, alarum cry
Weake force, weake ayde, that ſprouts from luxury.
Thou tedious workmanſhip of luſt-ſtung *Ioue*,
Down from thy ſkyes, enioy our females loue:
Some fiftie more *Beotian* girles will ſue
To haue thy loue, ſo that thy back be true.
O now me thinks I heare ſwart *Martius* cry,
Souping along in warres faind maſkerie,
By *Lais* ſtarrie front he'le forth-with die
In cluttred bloud, his Miſtres liuorie.
Her fancies colours waues vpon his head.
O well fenc't *Albion*, mainly manly ſped,
When thoſe, that are Soldadoes in thy ſtate,
Doe beare the badge of baſe, effeminate,
Euen on their plumie creſts: brutes ſenſuall,
Hauing no ſparke of intellectual.
Alack, what hope? when ſome rank naſty wench
Is ſubiect of their vowes and confidence?
Publius hates vainly to idolatries,
And laughes that papiſts honour Images:

And yet

And yet (O madneſſe) theſe mine eyes did ſee
Him melt in mouing plants, obſequiouſly
Imploring fauor, twining his kinde armes,
Vſing inchauntments, exorciſmes, charmes.
The oyle of Sonnets, wanton blandiſhment,
The force of teares, and ſeeming languiſhment,
Vnto the picture of a painted laſſe:
I ſaw him court his Miſtreſſe looking-glaſſe,
Worſhip a buſk-point, which in ſecrecie
I feare was conſcious of ſtrange villany.
I ſaw him crouch, deuote his liuelihood,
Sweare, proteſt, vow peſant ſeruitude
Vnto a painted puppet, to her eyes
I heard him ſweare his ſighes to ſacrifice.
But if he get her itch-alaying pinne,
O ſacred relique, ſtraight he muſt beginne
To raue out-right: then thus; *Celeſtiall bliſſe,*
Can heauen grant ſo rich a grace as this?
Touch it not (by the Lord Sir) 'tis diuine,
It once beheld her radiant eyes bright ſhine:
Her haire imbrac't it, O thrice happy prick
That there was thron'd, and in her haire didſt ſtick.
Kiſſe, bleſſe, adore it *Publius*, neuer linne,
Some ſacred vertue lurketh in the pinne.
O frantick fond pathetique paſſion!
Iſt poſſible ſuch ſenſuall action
Should clip the wings of contemplation?
O can it be the ſpirits function,
The ſoule, not ſubiect to dimenſion,
Should be made ſlaue to reprehenſion
Of crafty natures paint? Fie, can our ſoule
Be vnderling to ſuch a vile controule?

Saturio wiſh't himſelfe his Miſtreſſe buſke,
That he may ſweetly lie, and ſoftly luſke
Betweene her paps, then muſt he haue an eye
At eyther end, that freely might deſcry
Both hils and dales. But out on *Phrigio*,
That wiſh't he were his Miſtreſſe dog, to goe
And licke her milke-white fiſt. O pretty grace,
That pretty *Phrigio* begs but Pretties place.
Parthenophell, thy wiſh I will omit,
So beaſtly tis I may not vtter it.
But *Punicus*, of all I'le beare with thee,
That faine would'ſt be thy miſtreſſe ſmug munkey:
Here's one would be a flea, (ieſt comicall)
Another his ſweet Ladies verdingall,
To clip her tender breech: Another he
Her ſiluer-handled fan would gladly be:
Here's one would be his Miſtreſſe neck-lace faine,
To clip her faire, and kiſſe her azure vaine.
Fond fooles, well wiſht, and pitty but ſhould be:
For beaſtly ſhape to brutiſh ſoules agree.
If *Lauras* painted lip doe daine a kiſſe
To her enamour'd ſlaue, *O heauens bliſſe!*
(Straight he exclames) *not to be matcht with this!*
Blaſpheming dolt, goe three-ſcore ſonnets write
Vpon a pictures kiſſe, O rauing ſpright!
I am not ſapleſſe, old, or reumatick,
No *Hipponax* misſhapen ſtigmatick,
That I ſhould thus inueigh 'gainſt amorous ſpright
Of him whoſe ſoule doth turne *Hermaphrodite:*
But I doe ſadly grieue, and inly vexe,
To viewe the baſe diſhonour of our ſexe.
Tuſh, guilt-

Tuſh, guiltleſſe Doues, when Gods to force foule rapes
Will turne themſelues to any brutiſh ſhapes.
Baſe baſtard powers, whom the world doth ſee
Transform'd to ſwine for ſenſuall luxurie.
The ſonne of *Saturne* is become a Bull,
To crop the beauties of ſome female trull.
Now, when he hath his firſt wife *Metim* ſped,
And fairely clok't, leaſt foole gods ſhould be bred
Of that fond Mule: *Themis* his ſecond wife
Hath turn'd away, that his vnbrideled life
Might haue more ſcope. Yet laſt his ſiſters loue
Muſt ſatiate the luſtfull thoughts of *Ioue*.
Now doth the lecher in a Cuckowes ſhape
Commit a monſtrous and inceſtuous rape.
Thrice ſacred gods, and O thrice bleſſed ſkies,
Whoſe orbes includes ſuch vertuous deities.
What ſhould I ſay? Luſt hath confounded all.
The bright gloſſe of our intellectuall
Is fouly foyl'd. The wanton wallowing
In fond delights, and amorous dallying
Hath duſk't the faireſt ſplendour of our ſoule:
Nothing now left, but carkas, lothſome, foule.
For ſure, if that ſome ſpright remained ſtill,
Could it be ſubiect to lewd *Lais* will?
Reaſon by prudence in her function
Had wont to tutor all our action,
Ayding with precepts of philoſophie
Our feebled natures imbecillitie:
But now affection, will, concupiſcence
Haue got o're Reaſon chiefe preheminence
Tis ſo: els how ſhould ſuch vile baſeneſſe taint
As force it be made ſlaue to natures paint?

Me thinks the ſpirits Pegaſe *Fantaſie*
Should hoyſe the ſoule from ſuch baſe ſlauery:
But now I ſee, and can right plainly ſhowe
From whence ſuch abiect thoughts and actions grow.
Our aduerſe bodie, being earthly, cold,
Heauie, dull, mortall, would not long infold
A ſtranger inmate, that was backward ſtill
To all his dungy, brutiſh, ſenſuall will:
Now here-vpon, our Intellectuall,
Compact of fire all celeſtiall,
Inviſible, immortall, and diuine,
Grew ſtraight to ſcorn his land-lords muddy ſlime:
And therefore now is cloſely ſlunke away
(Leauing his ſmoaky houſe of mortall clay)
Adorn'd with all his beauties lineaments
And brighteſt iems of ſhining ornaments,
His parts diuine, ſacred, ſpirituall,
Attending on him; leauing the ſenſuall
Baſe hangers on, luſking at home in ſlime,
Such as wont to ſtop port Eſqueline.
Now doth the bodie, led with ſenſeleſſe will,
(The which in reaſons abſence ruleth ſtill)
Raue, talke idely, as t'were ſome deitie
Adorning female painted puppetry,
Playing at put-pin, doting on ſome glaſſe
(Which breath'd but on, his falſed gloſſe doth paſſe)
Toying with babies and with fond paſtime,
Some childrens ſporte, deflowring of chaſte time,
Imploying all his wits in vaine expenſe,
Abuſing all his organons of ſenſe.
Returne, returne, ſacred *Syndereſis*,
Inſpire our trunks: let not ſuch mud as this

Pollute

Pollute vs ſtill: Awake our lethargy,
Raiſe vs from out our brain-ſicke foolery.

SATYRE IX.

Here's a toy to mocke an Ape indeede.

GRim-fac't *Reproofe*, ſparkle with threatning eye,
Bend thy ſower browes in my tart poeſie.
Auaunt yee curres, houle in ſome cloudy miſt,
Quake to behold a ſharp-fangd Satyriſt.
O how on tip-toes proudly mounts my Muſe!
Stalking a loftier gate then Satyres vſe.
Me thinks ſome ſacred rage warmes all my vaines,
Making my ſpright mount vp to higher ſtraines
Then well beſeemes a rough-tongu'd Satyres part:
But Art curbs Nature, Nature guideth Art.
Come downe yee Apes, or I will ſtrip you quite,
Baring your bald tayles to the peoples ſight.
Yee mimick ſlaues, what are you percht ſo hie?
Downe Iack an Apes from thy fain'd royalty.
What furr'd with beard, caſt in a Satin ſute,
Iudiciall Iack? how haſt thou got repute
Of a ſound cenſure? O idiot times,
When gaudy Monkeys mowe ore ſprightly rimes!
O world of fooles, when all mens indgement's ſet,
And reſt vpon ſome mumping Marmoſet!
Yon Athens Ape (that can but ſimpringly
Yaule *Auditores humaniſſimi*,

Bound to ſome ſeruile imitation,
Can with much ſweat patch an oration)
Now vp he comes, and with his crooked eye
Preſumes to ſquint on ſome faire Poeſie;
And all as thankleſſe as ungratefull Thames
He ſlinks away, leauing but reaking ſteames
Of dungy ſlime behinde. All as ingrate
He vſeth it, as when I ſatiate
My ſpanielles paunch, who ſtraight perfumes the roome,
With his tailes filth: ſo this vnciuill groome,
Ill-tutor'd pedant, *Mortimers* numbers
With much-pit Eſculine filth beſcumbers.
Now th'Ape chatters, and is as malecontent
As a bill-patch't doore, whoſe entrailes out haue ſent
And ſpewd their tenant.
My ſoule adores iudiciall ſchollerſhip:
But when to ſeruile imitatorſhip
Some ſpruce Athenian pen is prentized,
Tis worſe then Apiſh. Fie, be not flattered
With ſeeming worth. Fond affectation
Befits an Ape, and mumping Babilon.
O what a trickſie kerned nicking ſtrain
Is this applauded, ſenſeleſſe, modern † vain!
When late I heard it from ſage *Mutius* lips
How ill me thought ſuch wanton liggin ſkips
Beſeem'd his grauer ſpeech. *Farre fly thy fame*
Moſt, moſt, of me beloued, whoſe ſilent name
One letter bounds. Thy true iudiciall ſtile
I euer honour: and if my laue beguile

† *Non lædere, ſed ludere: non lanea, ſed linea: non ictus, ſed nictus potius.*

Not much

Not much my hopes, then thy vnualued worth
Shall mount faire place, when Apes are turned forth.
I am too mild: reach me my ſcourge againe.
O yon's a pen ſpeakes in a learned vaine,
Deepe, paſt all ſenſe. Lanthorne and candle light,
Here's all inuiſible, *all mentall ſpright.*
What hotch potch, giberidge doth the Poet bring?
How ſtrangely ſpeakes? yet ſweetly doth he ſing.
I once did know a tinkling Pewterer,
That was the vileſt ſtumbling ſtutterer
That euer hack't and hew'd our native tongue:
Yet to the Lute if you had heard him ſung,
Ieſu how ſweet he breath'd! You can apply.
O ſenſeleſſe proſe, iudiciall poeſie,
How ill you'r link't. This affectation,
To ſpeake beyond mens apprehenſion,
How Apiſh tis! When all in fuſtian ſute
Is cloth'd a huge *nothing*, all for repute
Of profound knowledge, when profoundneſs knowes
There's naught contain'd, but onely ſeeming ſhowes.
Oh Iack of Paris-garden, canſt thou get
A faire rich ſute, though fouly run in debt?
Looke ſmug, ſmell ſweet, take vp commodities,
Keepe whores, fee bauds, belch impious blaſphemies,
Wallow along in ſwaggering diſguiſe,
Snuffe vp ſmoak-whiffs, and each morne 'fore ſhe riſe,
Viſit thy drab? Canſt vſe a falſe cut die
With a cleane grace, and glib facilitie?
Canſt thunder cannon oathes, like th'rattling
Of a huge, double, ful-charg'd culuering?
Then Iack troupe 'mong our gallants, kiſſe thy fiſt,
And call them brothers: Say a Satyriſt

Sweares

Sweares they are thine in neere affinitie,
All coosin germanes, saue in villany.
For (sadly truth to say) what are they else
But imitators of lewd beastlynesse?
Farre worse than Apes; for mowe, or scratch your pate,
It may be some odde Ape will imitate:
But let a youth that hath abus'd his time,
In wronged trauaile, in that hoter clime,
Swoope by old Iack, in cloathes Italionate:
And I'le be hang'd if he will imitate
His strange fantastique sute shapes:
Or let him bring or'e beastly luxuries,
Some hell-deuised lustfull villanies,
Euen Apes and beasts would blush with natiue shame,
And thinke it foule dishonour to their name,
Their beastly name, to imitate such sinne
As our lewd youths doe boast and glory in.
Fie, whether do these Monkeys carry mee?
Their very names do soyle my poesie.
Thou world of Marmosets and mumping Apes,
Vnmaske, put off thy fained borrowed shapes.
Why lookes neat *Curus* all so simpringly?
Why babblest thou of deepe Diuinitie?
And of that sacred testimoniall?
Liuing voluptuous like a *Bacchanall*?
Good hath thy tongue: but thou rank Puritan,
I'le make an Ape as good a Christian.
I'le force him chatter, turning vp his eye,
Looke sad, go graue. Demure ciuilitie
Shall seeme to say, *Good brother, sister deere.*
As for the rest, to snort in belly cheere,

To bite

To bite, to gnaw, and boldly intermell
With ſacred things, in which thou doſt excell,
Vnforc't he'le doe. O take compaſſion
Euen on your ſoules: make not religion
A bawde to lewdneſſe. Civill *Socrates*
Clyp not the youth of *Alcibiades*
With unchaſt armes. Diſguiſed *Meſſaline*
I'le teare thy maſke, and bare thee to the eyne
Of hiſſing boyes, if to the Theatres
I finde thee once more come for lecherers,
To ſatiate (nay, to tyer) thee with the vſe
Of weakning luſt. Yee fainers, leaue t'abuſe
Our better thoughts with your hypocriſie:
Or by the euer-liuing veritie,
I'le ſtrip you nak't, and whip you with my rimes,
Cauſing your ſhame to liue to after-times.

SATYRE X.

Stultorum plena ſunt omnia.

To his very friend, Maſter E. G.

FRom out the ſadneſſe of my diſcontent,
Hating my wonted iocund merriment,
(Only to giue dull time a ſwifter wing)
Thus ſcorning ſcorne, of Idiot fooles I ſing.
I dread no bending of an angry brow,
Or rage of fooles that I ſhall purchaſe now.

Who'le

Who'le ſcorn to ſit in ranke of foolery,
When I'le be maſter of the company?
For pre-thee *Ned*, I pre-thee gentle lad,
Is not he frantique, fooliſh, bedlam mad,
That waſtes his ſpright, that melts his very braine
In deepe deſignes, in wits dark gloomy ſtraine?
That ſcourgeth great ſlaues with a dreadleſſe fiſt,
Playing the rough part of a Satyriſt,
To be perus'd by all the dung-ſcum rable
Of thin-braind Idiots, dull, vncapable?
For mimicke apiſh ſchollers, pedants, guls,
Perfmu'd inamoratoes, brothell truls?
Whilſt I (poore ſoule) abuſe chaſt virgin time,
Deflowring her with unconceiued rime.
Tut, tut, a toy of an idle empty braine,
Some ſcurril ieſts, light gew-gawes, fruitleſſe, vaine.
Cryes beard-graue *Dromus*, when alas, god knows
His toothleſſe gum nere chew but outward ſhows.
Poore budge face, bowcaſe ſleeue, but let him paſſe
Once furre and beard ſhall priuiledge an Aſſe.
And tell me *Ned*, what might that gallant be,
Who to obtaine intemperate luxury,
Cuckolds his elder brother, gets an heire,
By which his hope is turned to deſpaire?
In faith (good *Ned*) he damn'd himſelfe with coſt:
For well thou know'ſt full goodly land was loſt.
I am too priuate, *Yet me thinkes an Aſſe*
Rimes well with VIDERIT VTILITAS.
Euen full as well, I boldly dare auerre
As any of that ſtinking Scauenger
Which from his dunghill he bedaubed on
The latter page of old *Pigmalion*.

O that

O that this brother of hypocriſie
(Applauded by his pure fraternitie)
Should thus be puffed, and ſo proude inſiſt,
As play on me the Epigrammatiſt.
Opinion mounts this froth vnto the ſkies,
Whom iudgemente reaſon iuſtly viliſies.
For (ſhame to the Poet) reade *Ned,* behold
How wittily a Maiſters-hoode can ſcold.

An Epigram which the Author *Vergidemiarum,* cauſed to be paſted to the latter page of euery *Pigmalion,* that came to the Stationers of Cambridge.

I *Aſk't Phiſitions what their counſell was*
For a mad dogge, or for a mankind Aſſe?
They told me though there were confections ſtore
Of Poppie-ſeede, and ſoueraigne Hellebore,
The dogge was beſt cured by cutting and ‡ kinſing,
The Aſſe muſt be kindly whipped for winſing.
Now then S. K. I little paſſe
Whether thou be a mad dogge, or a mankind Aſſe.

Medice cura teipſum.

Smart ierke of wit! Did ever ſuch a ſtraine
Riſe from an Apiſh ſchoole-boyes childiſh braine?
Doſt thou not bluſh good *Ned,* that ſuch a ſent
Should riſe from thence where thou hadſt nutriment?
Shame to Opinion, that perfumes his dung,
And ſtreweth flowers rotten bones among.
Iuggling Opinion, thou inchaunting witch,
Paint not a rotten poſt with colours rich.

‡ *Mark the witty alluſion to my name.*

But now

But now this iuggler with the worlds conſent
Hath half his ſoule; the other, Complement,
Mad world the whilſt. But I forget mee, I,
I am ſeduced with this poeſie:
And madder then a Bedlam ſpend ſweet time
In bitter numbers, in this idle rime.
Out on this humour. From a ſickly bed,
And from a moodie minde diſtempered,
I vomit forth my loue, now turn'd to hate,
Scorning the honour of a Poets ſtate.
Nor ſhall the kennell rout of muddy braines
Rauiſh my Muſes heyre, or heare my ſtraines,
Once more. No nittie pedant ſhall correct
Ænigmaes to his ſhallow intellect.
Inchauntment *Ned* hath rauiſhed my ſenſe
In a Poetick vaine circumference.
Yet thus I hope (God ſhield I now ſhould lie)
Many more fooles, and moſt more wiſe then I.

VALE.

SATYRE XI.

Humours.

SLeep grim *Reproofe:* my iocund Muſe doth ſing
In other keys, to nimbler fingering.
Dull ſprighted *Melancholy*, leaue my brain
To hell *Cimerian* night, in liuely vaine
I ſtriue to paint, then hence all darke intent
And ſullen frownes: come ſporting merriment,

Cheeke

Cheeke dimpling laughter, crowne my very ſoule
With iouiſance, whilſt mirthfull ieſts controule
The gouty humours of theſe pride-ſwolne daies,
Which I do long vntill my pen diſplaies.
O I am great with mirth: ſome midwifrie,
Or I ſhall breake my ſides for vanitie.
Roome for a capering mouth, whoſe lips nere ſtur,
But in diſcourſing of the graceleſſe flur.
Who euer heard ſprute ſkipping *Curio*
Ere prate of ought, but of the whirle on toe,
The tume about ground, *Robyns* ſprauling kicks,
Fabius caper, *Harries* toſſing tricks?
Did euer any eare ere heare him ſpeake
Vnleſſe his tongue of croſſe-points did intreat?
His teeth doe caper whilſt he eates his meat,
His heeles doe caper, whilſt he takes his ſeate,
His very ſoule, his intellectuall
Is nothing but a mincing capreall.
He dreames of ſoe-turnes: euch gallant he doth meete
He fronts him with a trauerſe in the ſtreete.
Praiſe but *Orcheſtra*, and the ſkipping Art,
You ſhall commaund him, faith you haue his hart
Euen capring in your hall. A hall, a hall,
Roome for the Spheres, the orbs celeſtiall
Will daunce *Kemps Iigge*. They'le reuel with neate iumps.
A worthy Poet hath put on their Pumps.
O wits quick trauerſe, but ſlow-mou'd ſlowe,
Good faith tis hard for nimble *Cinne*,
Ye gracious Orbes, keepe the old meaſuring,
All's ſpoilde if once yee fall to capering.
Luſcus what's plaid to day? faith now I know
I ſet the lips a-broach, from whence doth flowe

Naught but pure *Iuliet* and *Romeo*.
Say who acts beſt? *Druſus* or *Roſcio*?
Now I haue him, that nere of ought did ſpeake
But when of playes or Players he did treat.
Hath made a common-place booke out of playes,
And ſpeakes in print: at leaſt what ere he ſaies
Is warranted by Curtaine *plaudities*,
If ere you heard him courting *Leſbias* eyes;
Say (Curteous Sir) ſpeakes he not mouingly,
From out ſome new pathetique Tragedy?
He writes, he railes, he ieſts, he courts, (what not?)
And all from out his huge long ſcraped ſtock
Of well penn'd playes.
Oh come not within diſtance: *Martius* ſpeakes,
Who nere diſcourſeth but of fencing feats,
Of *counter times*, *finctures*, fly *paſſatas*,
Stramazones, reſolute *Stoccates*,
Of the quick change with wiping *mandritta*,
The *carricado*, with th' *enbrocata*,
Oh, *by Ieſu ſir* (me thinks I heare him cry)
The honourable fencing myſtery
Who doth not honour? Then fals he in againe,
Iading our eares, and ſomewhat muſt be ſaine
Of blades, and Rapier-hilts, of ſureſt garde,
Of *Vincentio*, and the *Burgonians* ward.
This bumbaſt foile-button I once did ſee
By chaunce, in *Liuias* modeſt company,
When after the *God-ſauing* ceremony,
For want of talke-ſtuffe, fals to foinery,
Out goes his Rapier, and to *Liuia*
He ſhewes the ward by *puncta reuerſa*,

The *incartata*.

The *incarnata*. Nay, by the bleſſed light,
Before he goes, he'le teach her how to fight
And hold her weapon. Oh I laugh amaine,
To ſee the madnes of this *Martius* vaine.
But roome for *Tuſcus*, that ieſt-mounging youth
Who nere did ope his Apiſh gerning mouth
But to retaile and broke anothers wit.
Diſcourſe of what you will, he ſtraight can fit
Your preſent talke, with, *Sir, I'le tell a ieſt*
(Of ſome ſweet Ladie, or graund Lord at leaſt)
Then on he goes, and nere his tongue ſhall lie
Till his ingroſſed ieſts are all drawne dry:
But then as dumbe as *Maurus*, when at play
Hath loſt his crownes, and paun'd his trim array.
He doth naught but retaile ieſts: breake but one,
Out flies his table-booke, let him alone,
He'le haue it i-faith; Lad, haſt an Epigram,
Wilt haue it put into the chaps of Fame?
Giue *Tuſcus* copies; ſooth, as his owne wit
(His proper iſſue) he will father it.
O that this Eccho, that doth ſeake, ſpet, write
Naught but the excrements of others ſpright,
This il-ſtuft trunke of ieſts (whoſe very ſoule
Is but a heape of libes) ſhould once inroule
His name 'mong creatures termed rationall!
Whoſe chiefe repute, whoſe ſenſe, whoſe ſoule and all
Are fed with offall ſcraps, that ſometimes fall
From liberall wits, in their large feſtiuall,
Come aloft Iack, roome for a vaulting ſkip,
Roome for *Torquatus*, that nere op't his lip
But in prate of *pummado reuerſa*,
Of the nimbling tumbling *Angelica*.

Now on my ſoule, his very intellect
Is naught but a curuetting *Soemarſet*.
Huſh, huſh, (cries honeſt *Phylo*) peace, deſiſt,
Doſt thou not tremble ſower Satyriſt,
Now that iudiciall Muſus *readeth thee?*
He'le whip each line he'le ſcourge thy balladry,
Good faith he will, *Philo* I pre thee ſtay
Whilſt I the humour of this dogge diſplay:
He's naught but cenſure, wilt thou credit me,
He neuer writ one line in poeſie,
But once at Athens in a theame did frame
A paradox in praiſe of vertues name:
Which ſtill he hugs, and luls as tenderly
As cuckold *Tiſus* his wifes baſtardie.
Well, here's a challange, I flatly ſay he lyes
That heard him ought but cenſure poeſies.
Tis his diſcourſe, firſt hauing knit the brow,
Stroke vp his fore-top, champed euery row,
Belcheth his ſlauering cenſure on each booke
That dare preſume euen on *Meduſa* looke.
I haue no Artiſts ſkill in ſymphonies,
Yet when ſome pleaſing Diapaſon flies
From out the belly of a ſweete touch't Lute,
My eares dare ſay tis good: or when they ſute
Some harſher ſtraines for varietie,
My native ſkill diſcernes it preſently,
What then? will any ſottiſh dolt repute,
Or euer thinke me *Orpheus* abſolute?
Shall all the world of Fidlers follow mee,
Relying on my voice in muſickrie?
Muſus heere's *Rhodes*, lets ſee thy boaſted leape,
Or els auaunt lewd curre, preſume not ſpeake,

Or with

Or with thy venome-ſputtering chaps to barke
'Gainſt well-pend poems, in the tongue-tied dark.
O for a humour, looke who yon doth goe,
The meager lecher, lewd *Luxurio*:
Tis he that hath the ſole monopoly
By patent, of the Superb lechery.
No newe edition of drabbes comes out,
But ſeene and allow'd by *Luxurios* ſnout.
Did euer any man ere heare him talke
But of Pick-hatch, or of ſome Shoreditch baulke
Aretines filth, or of his wandring whore,
Of ſome *Cynidian*, or of *Tacedore*,
Of *Ruſcus* naſty lothſome brothell rime,
That ſtinks like *Aiax* froth, or muck-pit ſlime?
The news he tels you, is of ſome newe fleſh,
Lately brooke vp, ſpan newe, hote piping freſh.
The curteſie he ſhewes you, is ſome morne
To giue you *Uenus* fore his ſmock be orne.
His eyes, his tongue, his ſoule, his all is luſt,
Which vengeance and confuſion follow muſt.
Out on this ſalt humour, letchers dropſie,
Fie, it doth ſoyle my chaſter poeſie.
O ſpruce! How now *Piſo*, *Aurelius* Ape,
What ſtrange diſguiſe, what new deformed ſhape
Doth hold thy thoughts in contemplation?
Faith ſay, what faſhion art thou thinking on?
A ſtitcht Taffata cloake, a pair of ſlops,
Of Spaniſh leather? O who heard his chops
Ere chew of ought, but of ſome ſtrange diſguiſe?
This faſhion-mounger, each morne fore he riſe
Contemplates ſute ſhapes, and once from out his bed,
He hath them ſtraight full liuely portrayed.

And then he chukes, and is as proude of this
As *Taphus* when he got his neighbours bliſſe.
All faſhions ſince the firſt yeare of this Queene
May in his ſtudy fairely drawne be ſeene,
And all that ſhall be to his day of doome,
You may peruſe within that little roome.
For not a faſhion once dare ſhow his face,
But from neat *Pyſh* firſt muſt take his grace.
The long fooles coat, the huge flop, the bigd boot
From mimick *Pyſh*, all doe claime their roote.
O that the boundleſſe power of the ſoule
Should be coop't vp in faſhioning ſome roule!

But O, *Suffenſus*, (that doth hugge, imbrace
His proper ſelfe, admires his owne ſweet face,
Prayſeth his owne faire limmes proportion,
Kiſſeth his ſhade, reconnteth all alone
His owne good parts) who enuies him? not I,
For well he may, without all riualrie.

Fie, whether's fled my ſprites alacritie?
How dull I vent this humorous poeſie!
In faith I am ſad, I am poſſeſt with ruth,
To ſee the vaineneſſe of faire *Albions* youth;
To ſee their richeſt time euen wholly ſpent
In that which is but Gentries ornament,
Which being meanly done, becomes them well:
But when with deere times loſſe they doe excell,
How ill they doe things well! To daunce and ſing,
To vault, to fence, and fairely trot a ring
With good grace, meanely done, O what repute
They doe beget! But being abſolute,
It argues too much time, too much regard
Imploy'd in that which might be better ſpar'd

Then

Then ſubſtance ſhould be loſt, If one ſhould ſewe
For *Leſbias* loue, hauing two daies to wooe
And not one more, and ſhould imploy thoſe twaine
The fauour of her-wayting-wench to gaine,
Were he not mad? Your apprehenſion:
Your wits are quick in application.

Gallants.

Me thinks your ſoules ſhould grudge, and inly ſcorn
To be made ſlaues, to humours that are borne
In ſlime of filthy ſenſualitie.
That part, not ſubiect to mortalitie
(Boundleſſe, diſcurſiue apprehenſion
Giuing it wings to act his function)
Me thinks ſhould murmur, when you ſtop his courſe,
And ſoyle his beauties in ſome beaſtly ſource
Of brutiſh pleaſures. But it is ſo poore,
So weake, ſo hunger bitten, euermore
Kept from his foode, meager for want of meate,
Scorn'd and reiected, thruſt from out his ſeate,
Vpbrai'd by Capons greace, conſumed quite
By eating ſtewes, that waſte the better ſpright,
Snibd by his baſer parts; that now poore *Soule*
(Thus peſanted to each lewd thoughts controule)
Hath loſt all heart, bearing all iniuries,
The vtmoſt ſpight, and rank'ſt indignities
With forced willingneſſe. Taking great ioy
If you will daine his faculties imploy
But in the mean'ſt ingenious qualitie.
(How proud he'll be of any dignitie?)
Put it to muſick, dauncing, fencing ſchoole,
Lord how I laugh to heare the prettie foole

How it

How it will prate! his tongue ſhall neuer lie,
But ſtill diſcourſe of his ſpruce qualitie;
Egging his maſter to proceede from this,
And get the ſubſtance of celeſtiall bliſſe.
His Lord ſtraight cals his parliament of ſence,
But ſtill the ſenſuall haue preheminence.
The poore ſoules better part ſo feeble is,
So colde and dead is his *Syndereſis*,
That ſhadowes by odde chaunce ſometimes are got,
But O the ſubſtance is reſpected not.
Here ends my rage, though angry brow was bent,
Yet I haue ſung in ſporting merriment.

To euerlaſting OBLIUION.

THOU mightie gulfe, inſatiat cormorant,
Deride me not, though I ſeeme petulant
To fall into thy chops. Let others pray
For euer their faire Poems flouriſh may.
But as for mee, hungry *Obliuion*
Deuour me quick, accept my orizon:
My earneſt prayers, which doe importune thee,
With gloomy ſhade of thy ſtill Emperie,
To vaile both me and my rude poeſie.
Farre worthier lines in ſilence of thy ſtate
Doe ſleepe ſecurely free from loue or hate:
From which this liuing nere can be exempt,
But whilſt it breathes will hate and furie tempt.
Then cloſe his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,
Which not right glorious actions can with-ſtand.

Peace

Peace hatefull tongues, I now in silence pace,
Vnlesse some hound doe wake me from my place,
I with this sharpe, yet well meant poesie,
Will sleepe secure, right free from iniurie
Of cancred hate, or rankest villanie.

To him that hath perused mee.

GENTLE, or vngentle hand that holdest mee, let not thine eye be cast vpon priuateness, for I protest I glaunce not on it. If thou hast perused mee, what lesser fauour canst thou grant then not to abuse mee with vniust application? Yet I feare mee, I shall be much, much iniured by two sortes of readers: the one being ignorant, not knowing the nature of a Satyre, (which is, vnder fained priuate names, to note generall vices,) will needes wrest each fained name to a priuate unfained person. The other too subtile, bearing a priuate malice to some great[er] personage then hee dare in his owne person seeme to maligne, will strive by a forced application of my generall reproofes to broach his priuate hatred. Then the which I knowe not a greater iniury can be offered to a Satyrist. I durst presume, knew they how guiltlesse, and how free I were from prying into priuateness, they would blush to thinke, how much they wrong themselues, in seeking to iniure mee. Let this protestation satisfie our curious searchers. So may I obtaine my best hopes, as I am free from endeauouring to blast anie priuate man's good name. If any one (forced with his owne guilt) will turne it home and say

'Tis I,